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THE
ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL
NUMBER 6.

COMPRISING

NEW AND POPULAR READINGS, RECITATIONS,
DECLAMATIONS, DIALOGUES,
TABLEAUX, ETC., ETC.

EDITED BY

J. W. SHOEMAKER, A.M.,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE
NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.

PHILADELPHIA:
National School of Elocution and Oratory.
1881.

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PREFACE.

WITH this number THE ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL reaches its sixth year of publication, and we regard it a sure indication, both of merit and of public appreciation, that, notwithstanding the great depression in almost every department of the book trade, its special adaptation to a great popular want has gained for it a constantly increasing circulation in nearly every State of the Union.

The greatest care has been observed, in the choice of material, to furnish scope for elocutionary training, as well as mere opportunities for reading and declamation.

The demands of our institution for new and fresh readings, and the occasions at our command for testing their merits in the class-room, afford us unequalled

facilities for preparing a book of selections, and we present our sixth volume with increased confidence, as the result of riper experience and more intelligent effort.

J. W. SHOEMAKER.

PHILADELPHIA,

July 1, 1878.

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THE ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL.

NUMBER 6.

RELENTLESS TIME.

TRANSLATION FROM THE SPANISH, ABRIDGED.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened and awake :
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently !

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs ;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past—the past
More highly prize.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave !
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.

There all are equal,—side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
We reach the goal
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
A weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
 In long array ;
How, in the onward course of time,
The land-marks of the race sublime
 Were swept away !

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
 How soon depart !
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
 Of fickle heart.

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust—
 They fade and die ;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
 Eternally !

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
 What are they all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
 Wherein we fall ?

No foe, no dangerous pass we heed,
Brook no delay, but onward speed
 With loosened rein ;
And when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
 But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power,
What ardor show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the free-born soul within
In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptered throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall!

O World! so few the years we live!
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair ;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Our goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts ;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step, and slow,
Its form departs.

.
A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth—
'T is but a name ;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above ;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



MALIBRAN AND THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

IN a humble room, in one of the poorest streets of London, little Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet; and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming, to keep up his spirits. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger; and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange; and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own,—one he had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

“Oh, if I could only go!” thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and, taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

“Who did you say is waiting for me?” said the lady to her servant. “I am already worn out with company.”

“It is only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who says if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment.”

“Oh! well, let him come,” said the beautiful singer, with a smile; “I can never refuse children.”

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm; and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and bowing, said: "I came to see you, because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, maybe some publisher would buy it, for a small sum; and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was;—she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked,—“you, a child! And the words?—Would you like to come to my concert?” she asked, after a few moments of thought.

“O yes!” and the boy’s eyes grew bright with happiness,—“but I could n’t leave my mother.”

“I will send somebody to take care of your mother, for the evening; and here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets: come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me.”

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain.

At last she came; and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that

the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited,—the band, the whole band struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing;—many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song,—Oh, so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman said, "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song: and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his un-

dying affection, was the little Pierre of former days,—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

All honor to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty to the widow, and to the fatherless child.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat ;
White are his shoulders and white his crest ;
Hear him call in his merry note,
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Look what a nice new coat is mine !
Sure there was never a bird so fine ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,

Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note ;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat ;
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Never was I afraid of man :
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight ;
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six-white mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood :
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
 Sober with work and silent with care.
 Off is his holiday garment laid,
 Half forgotten that merry air,
 Bob o' link, bob o' link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Nobody knows but my mate and I
 Where our nest and nestlings lie ;
 Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes, the children are grown ;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
 Bob o' link, bob o' link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again ;
 Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

GETTING UNDER WAY.

ALL day Sunday at anchor. The storm had gone down a great deal, but the sea had not. It was still piling its frothy hills in air outside, as we could plainly see with the glass. We must lie still until Monday, and we did. The next morning we weighed anchor and went to sea. It was a great happiness to get away after the dragging, dispiriting delay. I thought there never was such gladness in the air before, such brightness in the sun, such beauty in the sea. All my

malicious instincts were dead within me; and as America faded out of sight, I think a spirit of charity rose up in their place, that was boundless, for the time, as the broad ocean that was heaving its billows about us. I wished to express my feelings, I wished to lift up my voice and sing; but I did not know anything to sing, and so I was obliged to give up the idea. It was no loss to the ship, though, perhaps.

It was breezy and pleasant, but the sea was still very rough. One could not promenade without risking his neck; at one moment the bowsprit was taking a deadly aim at the sun in mid-heaven, at the next it was trying to harpoon a shark in the bottom of the ocean. What a weird sensation it is to feel the stern of a ship sinking swiftly from under you, and see the bow climbing high away among the clouds! One's safest course, that day, was to clasp a railing and hang on; walking was too precarious a pastime.

Soon a remarkable fossil, shawled to the chin and bandaged like a mummy, appeared at the door of the after deck-house, and the next lurch of the ship shot him into my arms. I said:

"Good-morning, sir. It is a fine day."

He put his hand on his stomach and said, "O my!" and then staggered away and fell over the coop of a skylight.

Presently another old gentleman was projected from the same door with great violence. I said:

"Calm yourself, sir. There is no hurry. It is a fine day, sir."

He, also, put his hand on his stomach, and said, "O my!" and reeled away.

In a little while another veteran was discharged abruptly from the same door, clawing at the air for a saving support. I said:

"Good-morning, sir. It is a fine day for pleasuring. You were about to say—"

"O my!"

I thought so. I anticipated him anyhow. I stayed there and was bombarded with old gentlemen for an hour, perhaps; and all I got out of them was "O my!"

I went away then, in a thoughtful mood. I said, This is a grand pleasure excursion. I like it. The passengers are not garrulous, but still they are sociable. I like these old people, but somehow they all seem to have the "O my!" rather bad.—MARK TWAIN.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

NOW glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!

And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!

Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,

Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.

Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of
day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long
array ;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears !
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
land !
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand ;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's em-
purpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his
blood ;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of
war,
To fight for His own holy Name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor
drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
and high.
Right graciously, he smiled on us, as rolled from wing
to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our
lord, the King !"
"And if my standard-bearer fall,—as fall full well he
may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—

Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks
of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled
din

Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin!

The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint André's
plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Al-
mayne.

Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,

Charge for the golden lilies now,—upon them with the
lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest,

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a
guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Na-
varre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath
turned his rein,

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter—the Flemish Count
is slain;

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our
van,

"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man
to man;

But out spake gentle Henry, then,—“No Frenchman is
my foe;

Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren
go.”

Oh, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in
war,

As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre?

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!

Weep, weep and rend your hair for those who never
shall return!

Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,

That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
spearmen's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms
be bright!

Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward
to-night!

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the
brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are!

And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Na-
varre!—T. B. MACAULAY.



THE OLD SERGEANT.

THE carrier cannot sing to-day the ballads
With which he used to go
Rhyming the glad rounds of the happy New Years
That are now beneath the snow.

For the same awful and portentous shadow
That overcast the earth,
And smote the land last year with desolation,
Still darkens every hearth.

And the carrier hears Beethoven's mighty death-march
Come up from every mart;
And he hears and feels it breathing in his bosom,
And beating in his heart.

And to-day, a scarred and weather-beaten veteran,
Again he comes along,
To tell the story of the Old Year's struggles
In another New Year's song.

And the song is his, but not so with the story,
For the story, you must know,
Was told in prose to Assistant Surgeon Austin,
By a soldier of Shiloh,—

By Robert Burton, who was brought up on the "Adams,"
With his death-wound in his side;
And who told the story to the assistant surgeon
On the same night that he died.

But the singer feels it will better suit the ballad,
If all should deem it right,
To tell the story as if what it speaks of
Had happened but last night.

"Come a little nearer, doctor,—thank you,—let me take the cup ;

Draw your chair up,—draw it closer,—just another little sup !

Maybe you may think I'm better ; but I'm pretty well used up,—

Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-going up !

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain't much use to try—"

"Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh ;

"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die !"

"What you *say* will make no difference, doctor, when you come to die."

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were very faint, they say ;

You must try to get some sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away?"

"Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor,—doctor, please to stay !

There is something I must tell you, and you won't have *long* to stay !

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go ;

Doctor, did you say I fainted?—but it could n't ha' been so,—

For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,

I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh !

"This is all that I remember! The last time the lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name:

'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!' just that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,
Knew it could n't be the lighter, he could not have spoken so,
And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I could n't make it go!
For I could n't move a muscle, and I could n't make it go!

"Then I thought: 'It's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore;
Just another foolish *grape-vine*,—and it won't come any more;'
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:
'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!' even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its
power,
And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial
tower;
And the same mysterious voice said: 'IT IS THE ELEV-
ENTH HOUR!

ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON,—IT IS THE
ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Doctor Austin! what *day* is this?" "It is Wednesday
night, you know."

"Yes,—to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good
time below!

What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly twelve."
"Then don't you go!

Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour
ago?

"There was where the gunboats opened on the dark re-
bellious host;

And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the
coast;

There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else
their ghost!

And the same old transport came and took me over,—or
its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and
wide;

There was where they fell on Prentiss,—there McCler-
nand met the tide;

There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurl-
but's heroes died,—

Lower down where Wallace charged them, and kept
charging till he died.

" There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of
the canny kin ;

There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rous-
seau waded in ;

There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began
to win ;—

There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began
to win.

" Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was
spread ;

And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my
head,

I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was
dead,

For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the
dead !

" Death and silence !—death and silence ! all around me
as I sped !

And behold a mighty tower, as if builded to the dead,
To the heaven of the heavens, lifted up its mighty head,
Till the stars and stripes of heaven all seemed waving
from its head !

" Round and mighty-based it towered,—up into the in-
finite,—

And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft
so bright ;

For it shone like solid sunshine ; and a winding stair of
light

Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out
of sight !

"And, behold, as I approached it, with a rapt and dazzled stare,—

Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair,—

Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of—'Halt, and who goes there?'

'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.' 'Then advance, sir, to the stair!'

"I advanced!—That sentry, doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne!—

First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line!—

'Welcome, my old sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that countersign!'

And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine!

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only of the grave;

But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive;

'That's the way, sir, to head-quarters!' 'What head-quarters?' 'Of the brave!'

'But the great tower?' 'That,' he answered, 'is the way, sir, of the brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light;

At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and bright.

'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the new uniform to-night,—

Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting *there*,
and I—

Doctor,—did you hear a footstep? Hark!—God bless
you all! Good-by!

Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack,
when I die,

To my son—my son that's coming—he won't get here till
I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did
before,—

And to carry that old musket—" Hark! a knock is at
the door—

"Till the Union—" See! it opens!—"Father! Father!
speak once more!"

"Bless you!" gasped the old gray sergeant,—and he lay
and said no more!—FOBCYTHE WILLSON.



FATHER PHIL'S COLLECTION.

FATHER BLAKE was more familiarly known by
the name of Father Phil. By either title, or in
whatever capacity, the worthy father had great influence
over his parish, and there was a free-and-easy way with
him, even in doing the most solemn duties, which agreed
wonderfully with the devil-may-care spirit of Paddy.
Stiff and starched formality in any way is repugnant to
the very nature of Irishmen. There are forms, it is true,
and many, in the Romish church, but they are not *cold*
forms, but *attractive* rather, to a sensitive people: besides,
I believe those very forms, when observed the least form-
ally, are the most influential on the Irish.

With all his intrinsic worth, Father Phil was, at the same time, a strange man in exterior manners; for, with an abundance of real piety, he had an abruptness of delivery, and a strange way of mixing up an occasional remark to his congregation in the midst of the celebration of the mass, which might well startle a stranger; but this very want of formality made him beloved by the people, and they would do ten times as much for Father Phil as for the severe Father Dominick.

On the Sunday in question Father Phil intended delivering an address to his flock from the altar, urging them to the necessity of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end let in the rain through its worn-out thatch. A subscription was necessary; and to raise this among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. The weather happened to be unfavorable, which was most favorable to Father Phil's purpose, for the rain dropped its arguments through the roof upon the kneeling people below, in the most convincing manner; and as they endeavored to get out of the wet, they pressed round the altar as much as they could, for which they were reprov'd very smartly by his reverence in the very midst of the mass. These interruptions occurred sometimes in the most serious places, producing a ludicrous effect, of which the worthy father was quite unconscious, in his great anxiety to make the people repair the chapel.

A big woman was elbowing her way towards the rails of the altar, and Father Phil, casting a side-long glance at her, sent her to the right-about, while he interrupted his appeal to Heaven to address her thus:

*"Agnus Dei—*You'd better jump over the rails of the altar, I think. Go along out o' that, there's plenty o' room in the chapel below there—"

Then he would turn to the altar, and proceed with the service, till, turning again to the congregation, he perceived some fresh offender.

"*Oráte, fratres!*—Will you mind what I say to you, and go along out o' that, there's room below there. Thru for you, Mrs. Finn—it's a shame for him to be tramplin' on you. Go along, Darby Casy, down there, and kneel in the rain—it's a pity you haven't a decent woman's cloak under you indeed!—*Orate, fratres!*"

Then would the service proceed again, till the shuffling of feet edging out of the rain would disturb him, and, casting a backward glance, he would say—

"I hear you there—can't you be quiet, and not be disturbin' my mass, you haythens?"

Again he proceeded, till the crying of a child interrupted him. He looked around quickly—

"You'd better kill the child, I think, thrampin' on him, Lavery. Go out o' that—your conduct is scandalous—*Dominus vobiscum!*"

Again he turned to pray, and after some time he made an interval in the service to address his congregation on the subject of the repairs, and produced a paper containing the names of subscribers to that pious work who had already contributed, by way of example to those who had not.

"Here it is," said Father Phil—"here it is, and no denying it—down in black and white; but if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all! But I hope they will be ashamed of themselves when I howld up those to honor who have contributed to the uphowldin' of the house of God. And isn't it ashamed o' yourselves you ought to be, to lave His house in such a condition? And does n't it rain a'most every Sunday, as if He wished to remind you of

your duty?—Are n't you wet to the skin a'most every Sunday? Oh, God is good to you! to put you in mind of your duty, giving you such bitter cowl'ds that you are coughing and sneezin' every Sunday to that degree that you can't hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to you; and so you'll go on sneezin' until you put a good thatch on the place, and prevent the appearance of the evidence from Heaven against you every Sunday, which is condemning you before your faces, and behind your backs, too, for don't I see this minnit a strame o' wather that might turn a mill running down Micky Macavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?"

Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky Macavoy, who certainly was under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

"And is it laughing you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, reproving the merriment which he himself had purposely created, *that he might reprove it*. "Laughing is it you are, at your backslidings and insensibility to the honor of God—laughing because when you come here to be saved, you are lost entirely with the wet; and how, I ask you, are my words of comfort to enter your hearts when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure I have no chance of turning your hearts while you are under rain that might turn a mill—but once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety! Maybe it's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you, who would grind your hearts to powdher with his heavy words." (Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng.) "Ha! ha! so you would n't like it, I see—very well, very well, take care, then, for if I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens, you malefac-

thors and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands in your pockets because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in his head! I say, your mild, quiet, poor fool of a pasthor, (for I know my own faults partly, God forgive me!) and I can't spake to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabonds, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I wish it was sugar or salt that you were made of, and then the rain might melt you if I couldn't; but no, them naked rafters grins in your face to no purpose—you chate the house of God—but take care, maybe you won't chate the Divil so aisy." (Here there was a sensation.) "Ha! ha! that makes you open your ears, does it? More shame for you; you ought to despise that dirty enemy of man, and depend on something better—but I see I must call you to a sense of your situation with the bottomless pit undher you, and no roof over you. Oh dear! dear! dear! I'm ashamed of you—throth, if I had time and sthraw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose my time talking to you; sure the place is more like a stable than a chapel. Oh, think of that!—the house of God to be like a stable—for though our Redeemer was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep his house always like one.

"And now I will read you the list of subscribers, and it will make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good and worthy Protestants in the parish, and out of it, too, who have given more than the Catholics."

He then proceeded to read the following list, which he interlarded copiously with observations of his own; making *viva voce* marginal notes as it were upon the subscribers, which were not unfrequently answered by the persons so noticed, from the body of the chapel, and laughter was often the consequence of these rejoinders,

which Father Phil never permitted to pass without a retort. Nor must all this be considered in the least irreverent. A certain period is allowed between two particular portions of the mass, when the priest may address his congregation on any public matter, an approaching pattern, or fair, or the like, in which exhortations to propriety of conduct, or warnings against factions, fights, etc., are his themes. Then only they listen in reverence. But when a subscription for such an object as that already mentioned is under discussion, the flock consider themselves entitled to "put in a word" in case of necessity. This preliminary hint is given to the reader, that he may better enter into the spirit of Father Phil's

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

For the Repairs and Enlargement of Ballysloughguthery Chapel.

PHILIP BLAKE, P. P.

Micky Hicky, £0 7s. 6d. "He might as well have made it ten shillings; but half a loaf is better than no bread."

"Plaze your reverence," says Mick, from the body of the chapel, "sure seven and sixpence is more than the half of ten shillings." (A laugh.)

"Oh, how witty you are! Faith, if you knew your prayers as well as your arithmetic, it would be better for you, Micky."

Here the father turned the laugh against Mick.

Billy Riley, £0 3s. 4d. "Of course he means to subscribe again."

John Dwyer, £0 15s. 0d. "That's something like! I'll be bound he's only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brush full o' paint for the althar; it's as black as a crow, instead o' being as a dove."

He then hurried over rapidly some small subscriber as follows :

Peter Hefferman, £0 1s. 8d.

James Murphy, £0 2s. 6d.

Mat Donovan, £0 1s. 3d.

Luke Dannely, £0 3s. 0d.

Jack Quigley, £0 2s. 1d.

Pat Finnegan, £0 2s. 2d.

EDWARD O'CONNOR, Esq., £2 0s. 0d. "There's for you ! Edward O'Connor, Esq.—*a Protestant in the parish*—two pounds."

"Long life to him," cried a voice in the chapel.

"Amen !" said Father Phil ; "I'm not ashamed to be clerk to so good a prayer."

Nicholas Fagan, £0 2s. 6d.

Young Nicholas Fagan, £0 5s. 0d. "Young Nick is bettther than owld Nick, you see."

Tim Doyle, £0 7s. 6d.

Owny Doyle, £1 0s. 0d. "Well done, Owny na Cop-pal—you deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings."

Simon Leary, £0 2s. 6d. ; Bridget Murphy, £0 10s. 0d.

"You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, Simon ; a lone widow woman gives more than you."

Simon answered, "I have a large family, sir, and she has no childers."

"That's not her fault," said the priest—"and maybe she'll-mend o' that yet." This excited much merriment, for the widow was buxom, and had recently buried an old husband, and by all accounts was cocking her cap at a handsome young fellow in the parish.

Jude Moylan, £0 5s. 0d. "Very good, Judy ; the women are behaving like gentlemen ; they'll have their reward in the next world."

Pat Finnerty, £0 8s. 4d. "I'm not sure if it is 8s. 4d. or 3s. 4d., for the figure is blotted, but I believe it is 8s. 4d."

"It was three and fourpence I gave your reverence," said Pat, from the crowd.

"Well, Pat, as I said eight and fourpence, you must not let me go back o' my word, so bring me five shillings next week."

"Sure, you would n't have me pay for a blot, sir?"

"Yis, I would—that's the rule of backmannon, you know, Pat. When I hit the mark you pay for it."

Here his reverence turned round, as if looking for some one, and called out, "Rafferty! Rafferty! Rafferty! where are you, Rafferty?"

An old gray-headed man appeared, bearing a large plate, and Father Phil continued—

"There now, be active—I'm sending him among you, good people, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read before your neighbors, give what little you can towards the repairs, and I will continue to read out the names by way of encouragement to you, and the next name I see is that of Squire Egan. Long life to him!"

SQUIRE EGAN, £5 0s. 0d. "Squire Egan—five pounds—listen to that—a *Protestant in the parish*—five pounds! Faith, the Protestants will make you ashamed of yourselves if you do n't take care."

Mrs. Flanagan, £2 0s. 0d. "Not her own parish, either. A fine lady."

James Milligan, of Roundtown, £1 0s. 0d. "And here I must remark that the people of Roundtown haven't been backward in coming forward on this occasion. I have a list from Roundtown—I will read it separate." He then proceeded at a great pace, jumbling the town

and the pounds and the people in a most extraordinary manner: "James Milligan of Roundtown, one pound; Darby Daly of Roundtown, one pound; Sam Finnegan of Roundtown, one pound; James Casey of Roundpound, one town; Kit Dwyer of Townpound, one round—pound, I mane; Pat Roundpound—Pounden, I mane—Pat Pounden a pound of Poundtown also—there's an example for you!

"But what are you about, Rafferty? I don't like the sound of that plate of yours—you are not a good gleaner—go up first into the gallery there, where I see so many good-looking bonnets—I suppose they will give something to keep their bonnets out of the rain, for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday if they don't. I think that is Kitty Crow I see, getting her bit of silver ready; them ribbons of yours cost a thrifle, Kitty. Well, good Christians, here is more of the subscription for you."

Matthew Lavery, £0 2s. 6d. "*He* doesn't belong to Roundtown—Roundtown will be renowned in future ages for the support of the church. Mark my words! Roundtown will prosper from this day out—Roundtown will be a rising place."

Mark Hennessy, £0 2s. 6d.; Luke Clancy, £0 2s. 6d.; John Doolin, £0 2s. 6d. "One would think they had all agreed only to give two and sixpence apiece. And they comfortable men, too! And look at their names—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—the names of the blessed Evangelists, and only ten shillings among them! Oh, they are apostles not worthy of the name—we'll call them the poor apostles from this out!" (Here a low laugh ran through the chapel.) "Do you hear that, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? Faith! I can tell you that name will stick to you!" (Here the laugh was louder.)

A voice, when the laugh subsided, exclaimed, "I'll make it ten shillin's, your reverence."

"Who's that?" said Father Phil.

"Hennessy, your reverence."

"Very well, Mark. I suppose Matthew, Luke, and John will follow your example?"

"We will, your reverence."

"Ha! I thought you made a mistake; we'll call you now the faithful apostles—and I think the change in your name is better than seven and sixpence apiece to you.

"I see you in the gallery there, Rafferty. What do you pass that well-dressed woman for? thry back—Ha! see that, she had her money ready if you only asked for it—don't go by that other woman there— Oh ho! So you won't give anything, ma'am? you ought to be ashamed of yourself. There is a woman with an elegant sthraw bonnet, and she won't give a farthing. Well now—afther that, remember—I give it from the althar, that from this day out sthraw bonnets pay fi'penny pieces."

Thomas Durfy, Esq., £1 0s. 0d. "It's not his parish, and he's a brave gentleman."

Miss Fanny Dawson, £1 0s. 0d. "*A Protestant, out of the parish*, and a sweet young lady, God bless her! Oh faith, the Protestants is shaming you!"

Dennis Fannin, £0 7s. 6d. "Very good indeed for a working mason."

Jemmy Riley, £0 5s. 0d. "Not bad for a hedge carpenter."

"I gave you ten, plaze your reverence," shouted Jemmy; "and by the same token you may remember it was on the Nativity of the blessed Vargin, sir, I gave you the second five shillin's."

"So you did, Jemmy," cried Father Phil; "I put a little cross before it, to remind me of it; but I was in a hurry to make a sick call when you gave it to me, and I forgot it after: and indeed myself doesn't know what I did with that same five shillings."

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed, "Oh, that was the very five shillings, I'm sure, you gave to me that very day, to buy some little comforts for my poor husband, who was dying in the fever!" and the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she spoke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them; and as an affectionate murmur began to rise above the silence which that emotion produced, the burly Father Philip blushed like a girl at this publication of his charity, and even at the foot of that altar where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so highly commended by the Providence to whose worship that altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whisht, whisht!" and waved with his outstretched hands his flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes so common to an Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took place. The multitude was hushed, the grotesque of the subscription list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations—they were again a reverent flock, and he once more a solemn pastor; the natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and, with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his breast, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call for prayer, "*Orate, fratres!*"

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed, like the soft breaking of a quiet sea on a sandy beach; and when Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelings found vent in tears, and while he prayed he wept.

I believe such scenes as this are of not unfrequent occurrence in Ireland—that country so long-suffering, so much maligned, and so little understood.

O rulers of Ireland! why have you not sooner learned to *lead* that people by love, whom all your severity has been unable to *drive*?—SAM. LOVER.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study, I see, in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith, with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE RIDE OF JENNIE M'NEAL.

PAUL REVERE was a rider bold—
Well has his valorous deed been told ;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one—
Often it has been dwelt upon.
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds ?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie M'Neal.
On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage, cosy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all of the many who passed their door ;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years ;
With vim her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing ;
And while the friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell,
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall
Looked solemnly quick to heed her call ;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true.
So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie M'Neal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain-clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their surly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,

Close after a knock at the outer door
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed ;
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying, "Madam, please give us a bit to eat ;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea ;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel abed.
He is visiting home, as doth appear ;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close-watched the while by Jennie M'Neal.

For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near,
Had been her true friend, kind and dear ;
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Right proudly perched her upon his knee,
And told her stories many a one
Concerning the French war lately done.
And oft together the two friends were,
And many the arts he had taught to her ;
She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride ;
And once had said, "The time may be,
Your skill and courage may stand by me."
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie M'Neal.
With never a thought or a moment more,
Bare-headed she slipped from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.

Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm ;
Secure and tight a gloveless hand
Grasped the reins with stern command ;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed.
And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

Hark ! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit ;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt ! or your blood be on your head !"
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle-rein.
So into the night the gray horse strode ;
His shoes hewed fire from the rocky road ;
And the high-born courage that never dies
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes.
The pebbles flew from the fearful race ;
The rain-drops grasped at her glowing face.
"On, on, brave beast !" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie M'Neal.

"Halt !" once more came the voice of dread ;
"Halt ! or your blood be on your head !"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in her rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right ;
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter-peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

So on she rushed, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill ;
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle-rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand ;
Then sprung again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted, " One more trial now ! "
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,
And, galloping down a hillside steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap ;
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie M'Neal.

They were a furlong behind, or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,
Her poor arm helpless hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain,
But her cheeks as red as fire-brands are,
And her eye as bright as a blazing star,
And shouted, " Quick ! be quick, I say !
They come ! they come ! Away ! away ! "
Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie M'Neal.

The startled colonel sprung, and pressed
The wife and children to his breast,
And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night ;

Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay.
But first he bent, in the dim fire-light,
And kissed the forehead broad and white,
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison-cell.
The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown."
'T is I who have scared him from his nest;
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bowed, and said,
"Never you hold a moment's dread.
Of womankind I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen.
Wear this gold ring as your valor's due;
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know.
I promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

WILL CARLETON.

BROTHER ANDERSON'S SERMON.

I WAS to preach for Brother Anderson. He was a good pastor. Almost the last time I saw him he had just called upon a lamb of his flock to ask after her spiritual welfare and for fifty cents towards his salary.

Punctual to the hour Brother Anderson came rolling

across the street, and up to the door, and we went in together. After the usual songs and prayers, I took for my text Paul's counsel to the Corinthians as to their disorderly meetings and meaningless noises. The sermon was, in the main, a reading of the fourteenth of Paul's first letter, with comments and application interspersed.

I spoke half an hour, and while showing consideration for the noisy ways of my audience, exhorted them to cultivate intelligence as well as passion. When you feel the glory of God in you, let it out, of course. Shout, Glory! Clap your hands, and all that, but stop now and then and let some wise elder stand up and tell you what it all means. Men and boys hang around your windows and laugh at you and your religion, because they do n't understand you. Some men have religion all in the head, clear, sharp, dry, and dead; others all in the heart, they feel it all in their bones. Now I want you to have religion in your heads and hearts too. Let all things be done decently and in order.

I was well satisfied with my effort; at the time it seemed a success. As I sat down, Brother Anderson got up and stood on the pulpit step and gave out a hymn—

“Let saints below in concert sing.”

I am not sure that he could read, for he stood book in hand, and seemingly from memory gave the words of the hymn; he repeated the first and second stanzas with a deep, growing feeling. Of the third he read three lines:

“One army ob de libbin God
To Thy commands we bow;
Part ob de hos' hab crossed de flood,
And—”

There he stopped, and after swallowing one or two chokes, went on to say:

“I lub Brudder Beecher; I lub to hear him preach dis af'ernoon; he tole us a good many things. He's our

good frien', and he sez, sez he, dat some folks goes up to glory noisy 'n shoutin', and some goes still like, 'z if they was ashamed ob what's in 'em, and he sez we better be more like de still kind, an' de white folks 'ill like us more, and den I thinks 'tain't much 'count no way, wedder we goes up still like, or shoutin', för heben is a mighty big place, brudders, an' wen we all goes marchin' up to see de Lord, an' I's so full ob de lub, an' de joy, an' de glory, dat I mus' clap my han's an' shout, de good Lord got some place whar we won't 'sturb nobody, an' we can shout 'Glory! b'ess de Lord!' I tell you, brudders an' sisters, heben's a mighty big place, an' dar's room for Brudder Beecher an' us too. Dat's so! B'ess de Lord.

"Brudder Beecher sez dat 'tis'n de folks as makes de mos' noise as does de mos' work. He sez de ingines on de railroad only puff, puff, puff, reg'lar breavin' like, when dey's at work haulin' de biggest loads, an' de bells an' de whistles do n't do no work, dey only make a noise. Guess dat's so. I do n't know 'bout ingines much, an' I do n't know wedder I's a puff, puff engine, or wedder I's one dat blows de whistles an' rings de bells. I feel like bofe sometimes, an' I tell you what, wen de fire is a burnin' an' I gits de steam up, do n't drike no cattle on de track, de engine's a comin'. Cl'ar de track.

"An' de boys an' de gals, an' de clarks, an' de young lawyers, dey come up yar watch-nights, an' dey peep in de windows, an' stan' 'round de doors, an' dey larf an' make fun, an' Brudder Beecher sez, 'Why don't we stop de noise now 'n den an' go out an' tell 'em 'bout it—'splain it to 'em.' An' I 'member w'at de Bible says, 'bout de outer darkness, an' de weepin' an' de wailin', an' de 'nashin' ob teeth. An' if dese boys an' gals stan' dar outside larfin', biemby dey 'll come to de weepin' an' de

wailin', fus' dey know. An' den wen we stan' 'roun' de great white temple ob de Lord, an' see de glory shinin' out, an' de harpers harpin', an' all de music, an' de elders bowin', an' all shoutin' like many waters, an' de saints a-singin'—'Glory! Glory to de Lam,' 'spose God 'll say, 'Stop dat noise dar, Gabriel. You Gabriel, go out an' 'splaiq.' Yes, I see dem stan' las' winter 'roun' de doors an' under de windows an' larf; an' dey peep in an' larf. An' I 'member wot I saw las' summer, 'mong de bees. Some ob de hives was nice an' clean an' still, like 'spectable meetin's, an' de oders was bustin' wid honey, an' de bees kep' a-comin' and a-goin' in de clover, an' dey jes' kep' on a fillin' up de hive, till de honey was a flowin' like de lan' ob Canaan. An' I saw all roun' de hives was de ants, an' worms, an' de great drones, an' de black bugs, an' dey kep' on de outside. Dey wasn't bees. Dey could n't make de honey for dareselves. Dey could n't fly to de clover an' de honeysuckle. Dey jus' hang 'roun' de bustin' hive an' live on de drippin's. An' de boys an' de gals come up yar an' hang 'roun'. Jes' come in an' we'll show you how de gospel bees do. Come in, an' we'll lead you to de clover. Come in, we'll make your wings grow. Come in, won't ye? Well den, poor things, let 'em stan' 'roun' de outside an' hab de drippin's. We's got honey in dis hive.—

"'Part ob de hos' hab crossed de flood,
An' part are crossin' now.'"

THOMAS K. BEECHER

EXTRACT FROM "THE LAST DAYS OF
HERCULANEUM."

THERE was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespass'd on the laws, in dungeon low
Chain'd down. His was a noble spirit, rough,
But generous, and brave, and kind.

He had a son ; it was a rosy boy,
A little, faithful copy of his sire
In face and gesture. From infancy the child
Had been his father's solace and his care.

Every sport
The father shared and heighten'd. But at length
The rigorous law had grasp'd him, and condemn'd
To fetters and to darkness.

The captive's lot
He felt in all its bitterness ; the walls
Of his deep dungeon answer'd many a sigh
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and
touch'd

His jailer with compassion ; and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
With his loved presence that in every wound
Dropp'd healing.

But in this terrific hour
He was a poison'd arrow in the breast
Where he had been a cure. With earliest morn
Of that first day of darkness and amaze,

He came. The iron door was closed,—for them
Never to open more ! The day, the night,
Dragg'd slowly by ; nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the city.

Well they heard
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,
And felt its giddy rocking ; and the air
Grew hot at length, and thick ; but in his straw
The boy was sleeping ; and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by ; nor would he wake,
From his sound rest, the unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state.

On his low couch
The fetter'd soldier sunk, and, with deep awe,
Listen'd to the fearful sounds. With upturn'd eye,
To the great gods he breathed a prayer ; then strove
To calm himself, and lose in sleep a while
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep :
His body burn'd with feverish heat ; his chains
Clank'd loud, although he moved not ; deep in earth
Groan'd unimaginable thunders ; sounds,
Fearful and ominous, arose and died,
Like the sad moanings of November's wind
In the blank midnight.

Deepest horror chill'd
His blood, that burn'd before ; cold, clammy sweats
Came o'er him ; then, anon, a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk,
And shiver'd as in fear ; now upright leap'd,
As though he heard the battle-trumpet sound
And long'd to cope with death. He slept, at last,—
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well had he slept

Never to waken more! His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.

Soon the storm
Burst forth; the lightnings glanced; the air
Shook with the thunders. They awoke; they sprung
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glow'd
A moment as in sunshine, and was dark;
Again, a flood of white flame fills the cell,
Dying away upon the dazzled eye,
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
Dies, throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence,
And blackest darkness!

With intensest awe
The soldier's frame was fill'd; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
As underneath he felt the fever'd earth
Jarring and lifting, and the massive walls
Heard harshly grate and strain; yet knew he not,
While evils undefined and yet to come
Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless
wound
Fate had already given.

Where, man of woe!
Where, wretched father! is thy boy? Thou call'st
His name in vain: he cannot answer thee.

Loudly the father call'd upon his child:
No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously
He searched their couch of straw; with headlong haste
Trode round his stinted limits, and, low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth: no child was there.
Again he called; again, at farthest stretch
Of his accursed fetters, till the blood

Seem'd bursting from his ears, and from his eyes
Fire flash'd; he strain'd, with arm extended far,
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's garment.

Useless toil!

Yet still renew'd; still round and round he goes,
And strains, and snatches, and with dreadful cries
Calls on his boy. Mad frenzy fires him now:
He plants against the wall his feet; his chain
Grasps; tugs with giant strength to force away
The deep-driven staple; yells and shrieks with rage;
And, like a desert lion in the snare,
Raging to break his toils, to and fro bounds.

But see! the ground is opening; a blue light
Mounts, gently waving, noiseless; thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow-tint, not flame:
But by its lustre, on the earth outstretch'd,
Behold the lifeless child! His dress is sing'd;
And o'er his face serene a darken'd line
Points out the lightning's track.

The father saw,

And all his fury fled: a dead calm fell
That instant on him; speechless, fix'd, he stood;
And, with a look that never wander'd, gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed; and round those ruby lips
The wonted smile return'd.

Silent and pale

The father stands; no tear is in his eye;
The thunders bellow, but he hears them not;
The ground lifts like a sea,—he knows it not;
The strong walls grind and gape; the vaulted roof

Takes shapes like bubbles tossing in the wind ;
 See ! he looks up and smiles ; for death to him
 Is happiness. Yet, could one last embrace
 Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.

It will be given. Look ! how the rolling ground,
 At every swell, nearer and still more near,
 Moves toward his father's outstretch'd arms his boy :
 Once he has touch'd his garment ; how his eye
 Lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fears !
 Ha ! see ! he has him now ! he clasps him round,
 Kisses his face, puts back the curling locks
 That shaded his fine brow ; looks in his eyes,—
 Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands ;
 Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
 To lie when sleeping, and resign'd awaits
 Undreaded death.

And death came soon, and swift,
 And pangless. The huge pile sunk down at once
 Into the opening earth. Walls—arches—roof—
 And deep foundation-stones—all—mingling—fell !

EDWIN ATHERTON.

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

“MY sister 'll be down in a minute, and says you're
 to wait, if you please,
 And says I might stay 'till she came, if I'd promise her
 never to tease,
 Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's non-
 sense, for how would you know
 What she told me to say, if I did n't? Do n't you really
 and truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone! And you would n't know just where to sit ;
For that chair is n't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit.

We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack says it would be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it and knock out the very last screw.

"S'pose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean!

Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if you're sure that your fingers are clean.

For suster says sometimes I daub it, but she only says that when she's cross.

There's her picture. You know it? It's like her, but she ain't as good-looking, of course!

"This is me. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought

That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought—

For that was the message to Pa from the photograph man where I sat—

That he would n't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this.

There's all her back hair to do up and all of her front curls to friz.

But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me.

Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But do n't come like Tom Lee.

"Tom Lee? Her last beau. Why, my goodness! He
used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought that he'd be her husband, and
Jack says that gave him a fright.
You won't run away, then, as he did? for you're not a
rich man, they say.

Pa says you are poor as a church mouse. Now, are you?
And how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, *I* am, for I
know now your hair *isn't* red;

But what there's left of it is mousy, and not what that
naughty Jack said.

But there! I must go. Sister's coming. But I wish I
could wait just to see

If she ran up to you and kissed you in the way that she
used to kiss Lee."—BRET HARTE.

NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd upon my brain
As I look upward to thee! It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,
And hung His bow upon thine awful front,
And spake in that loud voice that seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters; and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rock!

Deep calleth unto deep, and what are we
That hear the questions of that voice sublime,

O what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
In his short life, to thine unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? A light wave
That runs and whispers of thy Maker's might!

BRAINARD.

TO A FRIEND.

I SAW two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one.
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the West.

I saw two summer currents,
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
In peace each other greeting.
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
'Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on in joy to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
A purer sky, where all is peace.—BRAINARD.

SATAN AND THE GROG-SELLER.

THE grog-seller sat by his bar-room fire,
With his feet as high as his head and higher,
Watching the smoke as he puffed it out,
That in spiral columns curled about,
Veiling his face with its fleecy fold,
As lazily up from his lips it rolled,
While a doubtful scent and a twilight gloom
Were slowly gathering within the room.

To their drunken slumbers, one by one,
Foolish and fuddled, his friends had gone,
To wake in the morn to the drunkard's pain,
With a bloodshot eye and a whirling brain.
Drowsily rung the watchman's cry,
"Past two o'clock, and a cloudy sky,"
But our host sat wakeful still, and shook
His head, and winked with a knowing look.
"Ha, ha!" said he, with a chuckling tone,
"I know the way the thing is done!
Twice five are ten, and another V.
Two ones, two twos, and a ragged three,
Make twenty-four for my well-filled fob;
He! he! it was rather a good night's job,
Those fools have guzzled my brandy and wine,
Much good may it do them, the cash is mine."

And he winked again with a knowing look,
And from his cigar the ashes shook,
"He! he! those fellows are in my net,
I have them safe, and I'll fleece them yet;
There's Brown, what a jolly dog is he!
And he swells the way that I like to see;

Let him dash for a while at this reckless rate,
And his farm is mine as sure as fate.

"I've a mortgage now on Tompkins' lot,
What a fool he was to become a sot!
But it's luck to me; in a month or so
I shall foreclose and the scamp must go!
Zounds, won't his wife have a taking on,
When she hears that his house and lot are gone?
How she will blubber and sob and sigh!
But business is business, and what care I?

"And Gibson has murdered his child, they say,
He was drunk as a fool here yesterday,
And I gave him a hint, as I went to fill
His jug, but the brute WOULD have his will,
And the folks blame me! why, bless their gizzards,
If I did not sell he would go to Izard's;
I've a right to engage in a lawful trade,
And take my chance where there's cash to be made.

"If men'll get drunk and go home to turn
Their wives out doors, 't is their own concern;
But I hate to have women coming to me,
With this tweedle-dum and that tweedle-dee,
With their swollen eyes and their haggard looks,
And their speeches learned from temperance books;
With their pale, lean children, whimpering fools,
Why can't THEY go to the public schools?

"Let the hussies mind their own affairs,
For never have I interfered with theirs;
No customer will I turn away
Who is able to buy and willing to pay;
For business is business—Tee, he! Tee, he!"
And he rubbed his hands in his chuckling glee.

"Many a lark I have caught in my net,
I have them safe, and I'll fleece them yet."

"Tee, he! Tee, he!" 't was an echo'd sound ;
Amaz'd, the grog-seller looked around,
This side and that through the smoke peer'd he,
But nought but the chairs could the grog-seller see.
"Ho, ho! He, he!" 't was a guttural note,
It seem'd to have come from an iron throat,
And his knees they shook and his hair 'gan to rise,
And he opened his mouth and he strained his eyes.

And lo! in a corner dark and dim,
Sat an uncouth form, with an aspect grim ;
From his grisly head, through his snaky hair,
Sprouted of hard rough horns a pair.
And fiercely those shaggy brows below,
Like sulphurous flame, did his green eyes glow,
And his lip was curled with a sinister smile,
And the smoke belched forth from his mouth the while.

In his hand he bore, if a hand it was,
Whose fingers were shaped like a vulture's claws,
A three-tined fork, and its prongs so dull
Through the sockets were thrust of a grinning skull.
Like a sceptre he waved it, to and fro,
As he softly chuckled "Ha, ha! Ho, ho!"
And all the while were his eyes, that burn'd
Like sulphurous flame, on the grog-seller turned.

And how did HE feel beneath that look?
Why, his jaw fell down, and he shivered and shook,
And quivered and quaked in every limb,
As an ague fit had hold of him ;
And his eyes to that monster grim were glued,
And his tongue was as stiff as a billet of wood.

But the fiend laughed on, "Ho, ho! He, he!"
And switch'd his tail in his quiet glee.

"Why, what do you fear, my friend?" he said,
And nodded the horns of his grisly head;
"You're an ally of mine, and I love you well;
In a very warm country, that men call hell,
I hold my court, and I'm proud to say,
That I've not a more faithful friend in pay
Than you, dear sir, for a work of evil:
May hap' you do n't know me, I'm called the Devil."

Like a galvanized corpse, so pale and wan,
Up started instanter that horror-struck man.
And he turned up the whites of his goggle eyes,
With a look half terror and half surprise,
And his tongue was loosed, but his words were few,
"The Devil! you do n't!" "Yes, faith, I do,"
Interrupted old Nick, "and here is the proof;
Just look at my tail, and my horns, and my hoof."

As Satan bade, so the grog-seller did,
Filling the vessel with gin to the lid,
And when it boil'd and bubbled o'er,
The fiery draught to his guest he bore;
Nick in a jiffy the liquor did quaff,
And thanked his host with a guttural laugh;
But faint and few were the smiles I ween
That on the grog-seller's face were seen;

For a mortal fear had seized him then,
And he deemed that the ways of living men
He should tread no more, that his hour had come
And his master too, to call him home;
Thought went back to the darkened past,
And shrieks were heard on the wintry blast,

And gliding before him, pale and dim,
Were jibbering fiends and spectres grim.

"Ho, ho!" says Nick, "'t is a welcome cold
You give to a friend so true and old,
Who has been for years in your own employ,
Running about like an errand boy ;
But we'll not fall out, for I clearly see
That you are rather afraid, and 'tis strange, of ME!
Do you think I've come for you? never fear,
You can't be spared for a long while here.

"There are hearts to break, there are souls to win
From the ways of Peace to the paths of Sin ;
There are homes to be rendered desolate ;
There is trusting Love to be changed to Hate ;
There are hands that murder must crimson red ;
There are Hopes to crush, there is blight to be shed
Over the YOUNG and the PURE and the FAIR,
Till their lives are crush'd by the fiend, Despair.

"This is the work you have done so well,
Cursing this earth and peopling Hell ;
Quenching the light on the inner shrine
Of the human soul, till you make it mine ;
Want and sorrow, disease and shame,
And crimes that even I shudder to name,
Dance and howl in their hellish glee,
Around those spirits you've marked for me.

"Oh! selling of grog is a good device
To make a hell of a paradise ;
Wherever may roll that fiery flood,
It is swollen with TEARS, it is stained with BLOOD.
And the voice, that was heard just now in prayer,
With its muttered curses stirs the air.

And the hand, that shielded the wife from ill,
In its drunken wrath is raised to kill.

"Hold on your course, you are filling up
With the wine of the wrath of God your cup,
And the fiends exult in their homes below,
As you deepen the pangs of human wo ;
Long shall it be, if I have MY way,
Ere the night of death shall close your day ;
For to pamper your lust for the glittering pelf,
You rival, in mischief, the Devil himself."

No more said the fiend, for clear and high,
Rang out on the air the watchman's cry.
With a choking sob and a half-formed scream,
The grog-seller woke—it was all a dream ;
His grisly guest with the horns had flown,
The light was out and the fire was gone,
And sad and silent his bed he sought,
And long of that wondrous vision thought.

BURLEIGH.

ARTEMUS WARD'S LONDON LECTURE.

ADAPTED.

I DON'T expect to do great things here—but I have thought that if I could make money enough to buy me a passage to New Zealand I should feel that I had not lived in vain.

I don't want to live in vain.—I'd rather live in Chicago—or here. But I wish when the Egyptians built this hall they had given it a little more ventilation.

I really don't care for money. I only travel round to

see the world and to exhibit my clothes. These clothes I have on were a great success in America.

How often do large fortunes ruin young men! I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am.

I am not an artist, yet I have a passion for pictures. I have had a great many pictures—photographs—taken of myself. Some of them are very pretty—rather sweet to look at for a short time—and as I said before, I like them.

I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child I once drew a small cart-load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea it was behind me.

Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You may possibly have noticed that time passes on. It is a kind of way time has.

I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist—but I have always been more or less mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs—and I have a servant who—takes anything he can get his hands on.

When I was in Rome—Rome in New York State I mean—a distinguished sculptist wanted to sculp me. But I said, "No." I saw through the designing man.

The remembrance often makes me ask, "Where are the boys of my youth?" I assure you this is not a conundrum. Some are amongst you here—some in America—some are in gaol.

Hence arises a most touching question, "Where are the girls of my youth?" Some are married—some would like to be.

O my Maria! Alas! she married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy—because I am. Some people are not happy. I have noticed that.

A gentleman friend of mine came to me one day with tears in his eyes. I said, "Why these weeps?" He said he had a mortgage on his farm—and wanted to borrow \$200. I lent him the money—and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him of the \$200 he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him—so told him I would throw off one hundred dollars. He brightened—shook my hand—and said, "Old friend, I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality,—I'll throw off the other hundred."

This story has n't anything to do with my lecture, I know—but one of the principal features of my lecture is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it.

I met a man in Oregon who had n't any teeth—not a tooth in his head; yet that man could play on the bass drum better than any man I ever met. He kept a hotel. They have queer hotels in Oregon. I remember one where they gave me a bag of oats for a pillow—I had nightmares of course. In the morning the landlord said, "How do you feel, old hoss, hay?" I told him I felt my oats.

I went to Great Salt Lake City by way of California.

I went to California on the steamer "Ariel."

When I reached the "Ariel," at pier No. 4, New York, I found the passengers in a state of great confusion about their things, which were being thrown around by the ship's porters in a manner at once damaging and idiotic. So great was the excitement, my fragile form was smashed this way, and jammed that way, till finally

I was shoved into a state-room which was occupied by two middle-aged females, who said, "Base man, leave us, Oh, leave us!" I left them—Oh, I left them!

I here introduce a great work of art. It is an oil painting—done in petroleum. It is by the Old Masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this, and then they expired.

Some of the greatest artists in London come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before—and they hope they never shall again.

When I first showed this picture in New York, the audience were so enthusiastic in their admiration of it that they called for the artist—and when he appeared they threw brickbats at him.

The Overland Mail Coach, the den on wheels in which we were crammed for ten days—and ten nights. Those of you who have been in the penitentiary—and stayed there any length of time—as visitors—can realize how I felt.

The American Overland Mail Route commences at Sacramento, California, and ends at Atchison, Kansas. The distance is two thousand two hundred miles, but you go part of the way by rail. The Pacific Railway is now completed from Sacramento, California, to Fulsom, California, which only leaves two thousand two hundred and eleven miles to go by coach. This breaks the monotony—it came very near breaking my back.

The actors of the Mormon theatre are all amateurs, who charge nothing for their services.

You must know that very little money is taken at the doors of their theatres. The Mormons mostly pay in grain and all sorts of articles.

The night I gave my little lecture there, among my

receipts were corn, flour, pork, cheese, chickens—on foot and in the shell. One family went in on a live pig.

I dislike to speak about it—but it was in Utah that I made the great speech of my life. I wish you could have heard it. I have a fine education. You may have noticed it. I speak four different languages—Maine, New York, California and Pennsylvania. My parents sold a cow, and sent me to college when I was quite young. I wish you could have heard that speech, however. If Cicero—he's dead now—he has gone from us—but if old Ciss could have heard that effort, it would have given him the rinderpest. I'll tell you how it was. There are stationed in Utah two regiments of U. S. troops—the 21st from California, and the 37th from Nevada. The 20-onesters asked me to present a stand of colors to the 37-sters, and I did it in a speech so abounding in eloquence of a bold and brilliant character, that I worked the enthusiasm of those soldiers up to such a pitch, that they came very near shooting me on the spot.

Brigham Young had two hundred wives. Just think of that! Oblige me, ladies and gentlemen, by thinking of that. That is, he had eighty actual wives, and was spiritually married to one hundred and twenty more.

So we may say he had two hundred wives. He loved not wisely, but two hundred well. He was dreadfully married. He was the most married man I ever saw in my life.

I saw his mother-in-law while I was there. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her, but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in a family—unless you're very fond of excitement.

By the way, Shakespeare indorses polygamy. He

speaks of the Merry Wives of Windsor. How many wives did Mr. Windsor have?

Brother Kimball is a gay and festive cuss of some seventy summers, or some'ers thereabout. He has one thousand head of cattle and a hundred head of wives.

Mr. Kimball had a son—a lovely young man—who was married to ten interesting wives. But one day, while he was absent from home, these ten wives went out walking with a handsome young man, which so enraged Mr. Kimball's son—which made Mr. Kimball's son so jealous—that he shot himself with a horse pistol.

The doctor who attended him—a very scientific man—informed me that the bullet entered the inner parallelogram of his diaphragmatic thorax, superinducing membranous hemorrhage in the outer cuticle of his basiliconthamaturgist. It killed him. I should have thought it would.

I hope his sad end will be a warning to all young wives who go out walking with handsome young men. Mr. Kimball's son is now no more. He sleeps beneath the cypress, the myrtle, and the willow. He died by request.

I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah.

It was leap-year when I was there, and seventeen young widows, the wives of a deceased Mormon, offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day, and taking their soft white hands in mine, which made eighteen hands altogether, I found them in tears.

And I said, "Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?"

They hove a sigh—seventeen sighs of different size. They said:

"Oh, soon thou wilt be gonested away!"

I told them that when I got ready to leave a place I wentested.

They said, "Doth not like us?"

I said, "I doth—I doth!"

I also said, "I hope your intentions are honorable, as I am a lone child, my parents being far, far away."

They then said, "Wilt not marry us?"

I said, "Oh, no; it cannot was."

Again they asked me to marry them, and again I declined. When they cried—

"Oh, cruel man! This is too much, oh, too much!"

I told them that it was on account of the muchness that I declined.

While crossing the desert I was surrounded by a band of Ute Indians. They were splendidly mounted, they were dressed in beaver-skins, and they were armed with rifles, knives and pistols.

What could I do? What could a poor old orphan do? I'm a brave man. The day before the battle of Bull's Run I stood in the highway while the bullets—those dreadful messengers of death—were passing all around me thickly—in wagons—on their way to the battlefield. But there were too many of these Injuns—there were forty of them, and only one of me; and so I said:

"Great Chief, I surrender." His name was Wocky-bocky.

He dismounted and approached me. I saw his tomahawk glisten in the morning sunlight. Fire was in his eye. Wocky-bocky came very close to me and seized me by the hair of my head. He mingled his swarthy fingers with my golden tresses, and he rubbed his dreadful Thomashawk across my lily-white face. He said—

"Torsha arrah darrah mishky bookshean!"

I told him he was right.

Wocky-bocky again rubbed his tomahawk across my face, and said, "Wink-ho—loo-boo!"

Says I, "Mr. Wocky-bocky," says I, "Wocky, I have thought so for years, and so 's all our family."

He told me I must go to the tent of the Strong-Heart and eat raw dog. It don't agree with me. I prefer simple food. I prefer hash, because then I know what I'm eating. But as raw dog was all they proposed to give to me, I had to eat it or starve. So at the expiration of two days I seized a tin plate and went to the chief's daughter, and I said to her in a silvery voice—in a kind of German-silvery voice—I said:

"Sweet child of the forest, the pale-face wants his dog."

There was nothing but his paws! I had paused too long! Which reminds me that time passes. A way which time has.

I was told in my youth to seize opportunity. I once tried to seize one. He was rich. He had diamonds on. As I seized him—he knocked me down. Since then I have learned that he who seizes opportunity sees the penitentiary. I will seize this opportunity to close my lecture.—ARTEMUS WARD.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world, and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright, and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

The snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds, and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from
friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 't is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 't is wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn,
'T is a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long, thro' the hours, and the night, and the
chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old
times,
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the old sweet treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'T is a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back and twisted old feet ;
But, since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee, and love thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

If chairs have but feeling in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed thro' your withered old arms ;
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair ;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck and a smile on her face ;
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottom'd
chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince ;
Saint Fanny, my patroness, sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When candles burn low, and the company is gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit alone, but we yet are a pair ;
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room ;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom ;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.



ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

THE first thing that I remember was Carlo tugging
away

At the sleeve of my coat ;

Pulling, as much as to say, " Come, master, awake,

And tend to the switch. Lives now depend upon you.

Think of the souls in the coming train,

And the graves you are sending them to.

Think of them, doomed every one to lie

(As it were by your very hand)

In yon fathomless ditch ;

Murdered, by one who should guard them from harm,

Who now is asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed—scarce knew where I stood,

Sleep had o'ercome me so ;

I could hear the forest trees rustling,

As they by the tempest were tossed ;

But, what was that noise in the distance

That I could not understand ?

I heard it at first indistinctly,

Like the rolling of some muffled drum,

Then nearer and nearer it came to me,

And made my very ears hum ;

What light is this that surrounds me

And seems to set fire to my brain ?

What whistle that, yelling so shrilly ?

Ah ! I know now ; it's the train.

We often stand facing some danger,

And seem to take root to the place.

So I stood—with this demon before me,

Its heated breath fanning my face.

Its headlight made day of the darkness
And glared like the eyes of some witch,
The train was almost upon me
Before I remembered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly,
The train dashing fast down the track ;
And on came the fiery-eyed monster,
And shot by my face like a flash.

I swooned to the earth the next moment,
And knew nothing after the crash.
How long I lay there unconscious
Was impossible for me to tell ;
My stupor was almost a heaven,
My waking almost a hell.
For I then heard the piteous shrieking and moaning
Of husbands and wives.
Mothers dashed past me like maniacs,
Their eyes staring madly and wild.

My mind was made up in a moment,
The river should hide me away,
When under the still burning rafter
I noticed there lay a little white hand ;
I lifted the last log from off her
And quietly laid it aside,
And, while searching for some spark of life,
Turned the little face up in the starlight,
And recognized—Maggie, my wife !

O God ! thy curse is a hard one,
At a blow thou hast humbled my pride ;
My life will be one endless nightmare,
With Maggie away from my side.
How often I'd sat down and pictured

The scenes in our long, happy life;
 How happy we'd be in our cozy and snug little nest,
 How I should do all the labor,
 And Maggie should all the day rest.

I fancied I stood on my trial,
 The judges and the jury I could see;
 And every eye in the court room
 Was steadily fixed upon me.
 And fingers were pointed in scorn,
 Till I felt my face blushing blood-red,
 And I heard the words—
 "Hung by the neck until dead."

Then I felt myself pulled once again,
 And my hand caught tight hold of a dress,
 And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim?"
 "You've had a bad nightmare, I guess."
 And there stood Maggie, my wife,
 With never a scar from the ditch.
 I had been taking a nap in my bed,
 And had not been asleep at the switch.

A TRIBUTE TO EAST TENNESSEE.

[A few years ago, Mr. Landon C. Haynes died in Tennessee. Prior to his death he attended a dinner given by members of the bar at Jackson, Miss. Before the guests left the table, Gen. Forrest, the Confederate cavalry leader, said: "I propose the health of Col. Landon C. Haynes, of East Tennessee, the country sometimes called 'God-forsaken.'" Mr. Haynes replied:]

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I plead guilty to the 'soft impeachment.' I was born in East Tennessee, on the banks of the Watauga, which, in Indian vernacular, is 'beautiful river,' and beautiful river it is. I have stood upon its banks in my

childhood and looked down through its glassy waters, and have seen a heaven below, and then looked up and beheld a heaven above, reflecting like two mirrors, each in the other its moons and its planets, and its trembling stars. Away from its banks of rocks and cliffs, hemlock and laurel, pine and cedar, stretches a vale back to the distant mountains as beautiful and exquisite as any in Italy or Switzerland. There stands the Great Unicorn, the Great Roan, the Great Black, and the Great Smoky mountains, among the loftiest in the United States of North America, on whose summits the clouds gather of their own accord in the brightest day. There I've seen the great spirit of the storm, after noontide, go take his nap in the pavilion of darkness and of clouds. I have then seen him arise at midnight as a giant refreshed with slumber, and cover the heavens with gloom and darkness; I have seen him awake the tempest, and let loose the red lightnings that run among the mountain tops for a thousand miles, swifter than an angel's flight in heaven. Then I have seen them stand up and dance like angels of light in the clouds to the music of that grand organ of nature, whose keys seemed touched by the fingers of Divinity in the halls of eternity, that responded in notes of thunder, which resounded through the universe. Then I have seen the darkness drift away beyond the horizon, and the morn get up from her saffron bed, like a queen, put on her robes of light, come forth from her palace in the sun, and stand up tip-toe on the misty mountain top, and while night fled from before her glorious face to his bed-chamber at the pole, she lighted the green vale and beautiful river where I was born and played in my childhood, with a smile of sunshine. O beautiful land of the mountains with the sun-painted cliff, how can I ever forget thee!"

LONDON C. HAYNES.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

IT was in the Cedar Rapids sleeper. Outside it was dark as the inside of an ink-bottle. In the sleeping-car people slept—or tried to.

Some of them slept, like Christian men and women, peacefully, and sweetly, and quietly.

Others slept like demons, malignantly, hideously, fiendishly, as though it was their mission to keep everybody else awake.

Of these, the man in lower number three was the "boss." When it came to a square snore with variations, you wanted to count "lower three" in, with a full hand, and a pocketful of rocks.

We never heard anything snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that was ever done, even on one of those tournaments of snoring, a sleeping-car. He did n't begin as soon as the lamps were turned down and everybody was in bed. Oh, no. There was more cold-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited until everybody had had a little taste of sleep, just to see how good and pleasant it was, and then he broke in on their slumbers like a winged, breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific—

"Gn-r-r-r-t!"

That opened every eye in the car. We all hoped it was an accident, however, and, trusting that he would n't do it again, we all forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes and curdled the sweet serenity of our forgiveness by a long-drawn—

"Gw-a-h-h-h-hah!"

That sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting, in breathless suspense, to hear the worst, and the sleeper in "lower three" went on, in long-drawn, regular cadences that indicated good staying qualities.

"Gwa-a-ah! Gwa-a-ah! Gahwahwah! Gah-wahwah! Gah-wa-a-a-ah! Gwa-wah-ah!"

Evidently it was going to last all night, and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows, and the swearing began. It mumbled along in low muttering tones, like the distant echoes of a profane thunder-storm. Pretty soon "lower three" gave us a little variation. He shot off a spiteful—

"Gwook!"

Which sounded as though his nose had got angry at him, and was going to strike. Then there was a pause, and we began to hope he had either awakened from sleep or strangled to death; nobody cared very particularly which. But he disappointed everybody with a guttural—

"Gurchoch!"

Then he paused again for breath, and when he had accumulated enough for his purpose he resumed business with a stentorious—

"Kowpf!"

He ran through all the ranges of the nasal gamut, he went up and down a very chromatic scale of snores, he ran through intricate and fearful variations until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places. All the night, and all night through, he told his story.

"Gawoh! gurrah! gu-r-r-r! Kowpff! Gaw-aw-wah! gawahhah! gwock! gwarrr! gwah-h-h-ll-whoof!"

Just as the other passengers had consulted together

how they might slay him, morning dawned, and, "lower number three" awoke. Everybody watched the curtain to see what manner of man it was that had made that beautiful sleeping-car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, the curtains parted, and "lower number three" stood revealed.

Great guns!

It was a fair young girl, with golden hair, and timid, pleading eyes, like a hunted fawn's.

BURLINGTON HAWKEYE.

GRADATIM.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true;
 That a noble deed is a step toward God—
 Lifting the soul from the common sod
 To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
 By what we have mastered of good and gain;
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
 When the *morning* calls us to life and light;
 But our hearts grow weary, and ere the *night*,
 Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men !
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in *dreams* is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

J. G. HOLLAND.

THE SONG OF THE CRICKETS.

UNDER the grass, in the bright summer weather,
We little crickets live gayly together ;
When the moon shines, and the dew brightly glistens,
All the night long you may hear if you listen—

“Cheep! cheep! cheep!”

We are the crickets that sing you to sleep.

We have no houses to store up our treasure,
Gay little minstrels, we live but for pleasure;
What shall we do when the summer is over,
When the keen frost nips the meadows of clover?

Cheep! cheep! cheep!

Under the hearthstone for shelter we creep.

Then when the firelight is dancing and glowing,
Nothing we'll care how the winter is blowing;
Down in our snug little cells we will sing you
Songs of the brightness the summer will bring you.

Cheep! cheep! cheep!

Summer is coming, though snows may be deep.

EMILY H. MILLER.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny,
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,—
One of Eve's family,—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses,—
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly

NUMBER SIX.

Feelings had changed
Love, by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and case
From garret to basement
She stood, with amazed
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver
But not the dark arch
Or the black, flowing
Mad from life's history
Glad to death's mystic
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran
Over the brink of it!
Picture it,—think of it!
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can!
Take her up tenderly
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slender
Young, and so fair

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
 Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently, kindly,
 Smooth and compose them ;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly !—
 Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest !
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast !
 Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behavior,
 And leaving, with meekness,
 Her sins to her Saviour !

THOMAS HOOD.

DOCTOR MARIGOLD.

I AM that sort of a tradesman known all over London as a Cheap Jack. With horse and cart I carry my wares, and supply the various wants of the people. My own father's name was Willum Marigold. It was in his lifetime supposed by some that his name was William,

but my own father always consistently said, No, it was Willum.

You'll guess that my father was a Cheap Jack before me. You are right. He was. And my father was a lovely one in his time at the Cheap Jack work.

But I top him. For look here! I am on the foot-board of my cart in the market-place on a Saturday night. I put up a general miscellaneous lot. I say: "Now here, my free and independent woters, I'm a-going to give you such a chance as you never had in all your born days, nor yet the days preceding. Now I'll show you what I am a-going to do with you. Here's a pair of razors that'll shave you closer than the Board of Guardians; here's a flat-iron worth its weight in gold; here's a frying-pan artificially flavored with essence of beefsteaks to that degree that you've only got for the rest of your lives to fry bread and dripping in it, and there you are replete with animal food; here's a genuine chronometer watch in such a solid silver case that you may knock at the door with it when you come home late from a social meeting, and rouse your wife and family and save up your knocker for the postman; and here's half a dozen dinner-plates that you may play the cymbals with to charm the baby when it's fractious. Stop. I'll throw you in another article, and I'll give you that, and it's a rolling-pin, and if the baby can only get it well into its mouth when its teeth is coming, and rub the gums once with it, they'll come through double, in a fit of laughter equal to being tickled. Stop again! I'll throw you in another article, because I don't like the looks of you, for you haven't the appearance of buyers unless I lose by you, and because I'd rather lose than not take money to-night, and that article's a looking-glass, in which you may see how ugly you look when

you don't bid. What do you say now? Come! Do you say a pound? Not you, for you have n't got it. Do you say ten shillings? Not you, for you owe more to the tally-man. Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll heap 'em all on the footboard of the cart,—there they are! razors, flat-iron, frying-pan, chronometer watch, dinner-plates, rolling-pin, and looking-glass,—take 'em all away for four shillings, and I'll give you sixpence for your trouble!" This is me the Cheap Jack.

I courted my wife from the footboard of the cart. I did indeed. She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ipswich market-place, right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had noticed her up at a window last Saturday that was, appreciating highly. I had took to her, and I had said to myself, "If not already disposed of, I'll have that lot." Next Saturday that come, I pitched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather indeed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time, and getting off the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waistcoat-pocket a small lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put it this way (looking up at the window where she was): "Now here, my blooming English maidens, is a article, the last article of the present evening's sale, which I offer to only you, the lovely Suffolk Dumplings biling over with beauty, and I won't take a bid of a thousand pound for, from any man alive. Now what is it? Why, I'll tell you what it is. It's made of fine gold, and it's not broke, though there's a hole in the middle of it, and it's stronger than any fetter that ever was forged, though it's smaller than any finger in my set of ten. It's a man-trap and a handcuff, the parish stocks and a leg-lock, all in gold and all in one. Now what else is it? It's a wedding ring. I

mean to give it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half after nine o'clock as the chimes go, and I'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns." She laughed, and got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the morning, she says, "O dear! It's never you, and you never mean it?" "It's ever me," says I, "and I'm ever yours, and I ever mean it." So we got married, after being put up three times,—which, by the by, is quite in the Cheap Jack way again, and shows once more how the Cheap Jack customs pervade society.

She wasn't a bad wife, but she had a temper. Now, my lords and ladies and gentlefolks all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen year of temper in a palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen year of temper in a cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you, getting on like sweet-ile upon a whetstone, in houses five and six pairs of stairs high, that would go to the Divorce Court in a cart. Violence in a cart is *so* wiolent, and aggrawation in a cart is *so* aggrawating.

But the worst of it was, we had a daughter born to us, and I love children with all my heart. When she was in her furies, she beat the child. This got to be so shocking as the child got to be four or five year old, that I have many a time gone on with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head, sobbing and crying worse than ever little Sophy did.

Little Sophy was such a brave child! She grew to be quite devoted to her poor father, though he could do so little to help her. She had a wonderful quantity of shining dark hair, all curling natural about her. It is quite astonishing to me now, that I didn't go tearing

mad when I used to see her run from her mother before the cart, and her mother catch her by this hair, and pull her down by it, and beat her.

Yet in other respects her mother took great care of her. Her clothes were always clean and neat, and her mother was never tired of working at 'em. Such is the inconsistency in things. Our being down in the marsh country in unhealthy weather I consider the cause of Sophy's taking bad low fever; but however she took it, once she got it, she turned away from her mother for evermore, and nothing would persuade her to be touched by her mother's hand. She would shiver and say, "No, no, no," when it was offered at, and would hide her face on my shoulder, and hold me tighter round the neck.

The Cheap Jack business had been worse than ever I had known it, and I was run dry of money. For which reason, one night at that period of little Sophy's being so bad, either we must have come to a dead-lock for victuals and drink, or I must have pitched the cart as I did.

I could n't get the dear child to lie down or leave go of me, and indeed I had n't the heart to try, so I stepped out on the footboard with her holding round my neck. They all set up a laugh when they see us, and one chuckle-headed Joskin (that I hated for it) made the bidding, "Tuppence for her!"

"Now, you country boobies," says I, feeling as if my heart was a heavy weight at the end of a broken sash-line,—“Now let's know what you want to-night, and you shall have it. But first of all, shall I tell you why I have got this little girl round my neck? You don't want to know? Then you shall. She belongs to the Fairies. She is a fortune-teller. She can tell me all about you in a whisper, and can put me up to whether

you're a-going to buy a lot or leave it. Now do you want a saw? No, she says you don't, because you're too clumsy to use one. Your well-known awkwardness would make it manslaughter. Now I am a-going to ask her what you do want." (Then I whispered, "Your head burns so, that I am afraid it hurts you bad, my pet;" and she answered, without opening her heavy eyes, "Just a little, father.") "This little fortune-teller says it's a memorandum-book you want. Then why did n't you mention it? Here it is. Look at it. Two hundred superfine hot-pressed wire-wove pages, ready ruled for your expenses, an everlastingly-pointed pencil to put 'em down with, a double-bladed penknife to scratch 'em out with, a book of printed tables to calculate your income with, and a camp-stool to sit down upon while you give your mind to it! Stop! And an umbrella to keep the moon off when you give your mind to it on a pitch-dark night. Now I won't ask you how much for the lot, but how little? How little are you thinking of? Don't be ashamed to mention it, because my fortune-teller knows already." (Then, making believe to whisper, I kissed her, and she kissed me.) "Why, she says you are thinking of as little as three and threepence! I could n't have believed it, even of you, unless she told me. Three and threepence! And a set of printed tables in the lot that'll calculate your income up to forty thousand a year! With an income of forty thousand a year, you grudge three and sixpence. Well, then, I'll tell you my opinion. I so despise the threepence, that I'd sooner take three shillings. There. For three shillings, three shillings, three shillings! Gone. Hand 'em over to the lucky man."

As there had been no bid at all, everybody looked about and grinned at everybody, while I touched little

Sophy's face, and asked her if she felt faint or giddy. "Not very, father. It will soon be over." Then turning from the pretty, patient eyes, which were opened now, and seeing nothing but grins across my lighted greasepot, I went on again in my Cheap Jack style. "Where's the butcher?" (My sorrowful eye had just caught sight of a fat young butcher on the outside of the crowd.) "She says the good luck is the butcher's. Where is he?" Everybody handed on the blushing butcher to the front, and there was a roar, and the butcher felt himself obliged to put his hand in his pocket and take the lot. The party so picked out in general does feel obliged to take the lot. Then we had another lot, the counterpart of that one, and sold it sixpence cheaper, which is always very much enjoyed. Next came the ladies' lot,—the teapot, tea-caddy, glass sugar-basin, half a dozen spoons, and caudle-cup,—and all the time I was making similar excuses to give a look or two and say a word or two to my poor child. It was while the second ladies' lot was holding 'em enchained that I felt her lift herself a little on my shoulder, to look across the dark street. "What troubles you, darling?" "Nothing troubles me, father. I am not at all troubled. But don't I see a pretty churchyard over there?" "Yes, my dear." "Kiss me twice, dear father, and lay me down to rest upon that churchyard grass so soft and green." I staggers back into the cart with her head dropped on my shoulder, and I says to her mother, "Quick. Shut the door! Don't let those laughing people see!" "What's the matter?" she cries. "O woman, woman," I tells her, "you'll never catch my little Sophy by-her hair again, for she's dead, and has flown away from you!"

Maybe those were harder words than I meant 'em, but

from that time forth my wife took to brooding, and would sit in the cart or walk beside it, hours at a stretch, with her arms crossed and her eyes looking on the ground. So sad our lives went on till one summer evening, when, as we were coming into Exeter out of the further West of England, we saw a woman beating a child in a cruel manner, who screamed, "Do n't beat me! O mother, mother, mother!" Then my wife stopped her ears and ran away like a wild thing, and the next day she was found in the river.

Being naturally of a tender turn, I had dreadful lonely feelings on me arter this. I conquered 'em at selling times, having a reputation to keep (not to mention keeping myself), but they got me down in private and rolled upon me.

It was under those circumstances that I come acquainted with a giant. And this giant when on view figured as a Roman. He was called Rinaldo di Velasco, his name being Pickleson.

This giant, otherwise Pickleson, mentioned to me, under the seal of confidence, that, beyond his being a burden to himself, his life was made a burden to him by the cruelty of his master towards a step-daughter who was deaf and dumb. Her mother was dead, and she had no living soul to take her part, and was used most hard. He was such a very languid young man, which I attribute to the distance betwixt his extremities, that I do n't know how long it did n't take him to get this story out; but it passed through his defective circulation to his top extremity in course of time.

When I heard this account from the giant, otherwise Pickleson, and likewise that the poor girl had beautiful long dark hair, and was often pulled down by it and beaten, I could n't see the

Giant

my eyes. Having wiped 'em, I give him sixpence, for he was kept as short as he was long.

His master's name was Mim, a wery hoarse man, and I knew him to speak to.

To cut it short, I spoke confidential to Mim, and said: "She lies heavy on your own hands; what'll you take for her?" "A pair of braces." "Now I'll tell you," says I, "what I'm a-going to do with you. I'm a-going to fetch you half a dozen pair of the primest braces in the cart, and then to take her away with me." "I'll believe it when I've got the goods, and no sooner." I made all the haste I could, lest he should think twice of it, and the bargain was completed.

It was happy days for both of us when Sophy and me began to travel in the cart. I at once give her the name of Sophy, to put her ever towards me in the attitude of my own daughter. We soon made out to begin to understand one another through the goodness of the Heavens, when she knowed that I meant true and kind by her. In a very little time she was wonderful fond of me. You have no idea what it is to have anybody wonderful fond of you, unless you have been got down and rolled upon by the lonely feelings that I have mentioned as having once got the better of me.

You'd have laughed—or the rewerse—it's according to your disposition—if you could have seen me trying to teach Sophy. At first I was helped—you'd never guess by what—milestones. I got some large alphabets in a box, all the letters separate on bits of bone, and say we was going to WINDSOR, I give her those letters in that order, and then at every milestone I showed her those same letters in that same order again, and pointed towards the abode of royalty. Another time I give her CART, and then chalked the same upon the cart. An-

other time I give her DOCTOR MARIGOLD, and hung a corresponding inscription outside my waistcoat. At first she was a little given to consider me the cart, and the cart the abode of royalty; but she caught the idea after long patience and trouble, and then we did get on swimmingly, I believe you! We had our signs, too; and they was hundreds in number.

The way she learnt to understand any look of mine was truly surprising. When I sold of a night, she would sit in the cart unseen by them outside, and would give a eager look into my eyes when I looked in, and would hand me straight the precise article or articles I wanted. And then she would clap her hands and laugh for joy.

This happiness went on in the cart till she was sixteen year old. By which time I began to feel not satisfied that I had done my whole duty by her, and to consider that she ought to have better teaching than I could give her.

So I took her hand in mine, and I went with her one day to the Deaf and Dumb Establishment in London, and when the gentleman come to speak to us, I says to him: "Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you, sir. I am nothing but a Cheap Jack, but of late years I have laid by for a rainy day notwithstanding. This is my only daughter (adopted), and you can't produce a deafer nor yet a dumber. Teach her the most that can be taught her, in the shortest separation that can be named, state the figure for it, and I am game to put the money down. I won't bate you a single farthing, sir, but I'll put down the money here and now, and I'll thankfully throw you in a pound to take it. There!" The gentleman smiled, and then, "Well, well," says he, "I must first know what she has learnt already. How do you

communicate with her?" Then I showed him, and she wrote, in printed writing, many names of things, and so forth, and we held some sprightly conversation, Sophy and me, about a little story in a book which the gentleman showed her, and which she was able to read. "This is very extraordinary," says the gentleman; "is it possible that you have been her only teacher?" "I have been her only teacher, sir," I says, "besides herself." "Then," says the gentleman, and more acceptable words was never spoke to me, "you're a clever fellow, and a good fellow." This he makes known to Sophy, who kisses his hands, claps her own, and laughs and cries upon it.

We saw the gentleman four times in all. Finally says he, "Can you part with her for two years?"

"To do her good—yes, sir."

"There's another question," says the gentleman, looking towards her: "Can she part with you for two years?"

I don't know that it was a harder matter of itself (for the other was hard enough to me), but it was harder to get over. However, she was pacified to it at last, and the separation betwixt us was settled. How it cut up both of us when it took place, and when I left her at the door in the dark of an evening, I don't tell.

Still, the loneliness that followed in the cart was not the old loneliness, because there was a term put to it, however long to look forward to, and because I could think, when I was anyways down, that she belonged to me and I belonged to her. Always planning for her coming back, I bought in a few months' time another cart, and what do you think I planned to do with it? I'll tell you. I planned to fit it up with shelves, and books for her reading, and to have a seat in it where I

could sit and see her read, and think that I had been her first teacher. And when I had got together pretty well as many books as the cart would neatly hold, a new scheme come into my head, which helped me over the two years' stile.

A kind of jealousy crept into my mind when I reflected that all those books would have been read by other people long before they was read by her. It seemed to take away from her being the owner of 'em like. In this way the question got into my head, could n't I have a book new-made express for her, which she should be the first to read?

It pleased me, that thought did; and having formed the resolution, then come the question of a name. How did I hammer that hot iron into shape? This way. The most difficult explanation I had ever had with her was, how I came to be called Doctor, and yet was no doctor. We had first discovered the mistake we had dropped into, through her having asked me to prescribe for her when she had supposed me to be a doctor in a medical point of view. So thinks I, "Now, if I give this book the name of my Prescriptions, and if she catches the idea that my only Prescriptions are for her amusement and interest—to make her laugh in a pleasant way, or to make her cry in a pleasant way,—it will be a delightful proof to both of us that we have got over our difficulty."

At last it was done, and the two years' time was gone after all the other time before it, and where it's all gone to, who knows? The new cart was finished,—yellow outside, relieved with wermilion and brass fittings,—the old horse was put in it, a new un and a boy being laid on for the Cheap Jack cart,—and I cleaned myself up to go and fetch her.

"Marigold," says the gentleman, giving his hand hearty, "I am very glad to see you."

"Yet I have my doubts, sir," says I, "if you can be half as glad to see me as I am to see you."

"The time has appeared so long; has it, Marigold?"

"I won't say that, sir, considering its real length; but—"

"What a start, my good fellow!"

Ah! I should think it was! Grown such a woman, so pretty, so intelligent, so expressive! I knew then that she must be really like my child, or I could never have known her, standing quiet by the door.

"You are affected," says the gentleman in a kindly manner.

"I feel, sir," says I, "that I am but a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat."

"I feel," says the gentleman, "that it was you who raised her from misery and degradation, and brought her into communication with her kind. But why do we converse alone together, when we can converse so well with her? Address her in your own way."

"I am such a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat, sir," says I, "and she is such a graceful woman, and she stands so quiet at the door!"

"Try if she moves at the old sign," says the gentleman.

They had got it up together o' purpose to please me! For when I give her the old sign, she rushed to my feet, and dropped upon her knees, holding up her hands to me with pouring tears of love and joy; and when I took her hands and lifted her, she clasped me round the neck and lay there; and I don't know what a fool I didn't make of myself, until we all three settled down

into talking without sound, as if there was a something soft and pleasant spread over the whole world for us.

Every item of my plan was crowned with success. Our reunited life was more than all that we had looked forward to. Content and joy went with us as the wheels of the two carts went round, and the same stopped with us when the two carts stopped. I was as pleased and as proud as a pug-dog with his muzzle black-leaded for an evening party, and his tail extra curled by machinery.

But one time we were down at Lancaster, and I had done two nights' more than fair average business in the open square there. Mim's travelling giant, otherwise Pickleson, happened at the self-same time to be a trying it on in the town. This suited my purpose, as I wanted a private and confidential word with him, which was: "Pickleson, owing much happiness to you, I did put you in my will for a fypunnote; but, to save trouble, here's fourpunten down, which may equally suit your views, and let us so conclude the transaction." Pickleson, who up to that remark had had the dejected appearance of a long Roman rushlight that couldn't anyhow get lighted, brightened up at his top extremity, and made his acknowledgments in a way which (for him) was parliamentary eloquence.

But what was to the present point in the remarks of the travelling giant, otherwise Pickleson, was this: "Doctor Marigold,"—I give his words without a hope of conveying their feebleness,—"who is the strange young man that hangs about your carts?" "The strange young *man*?" I gives him back, thinking he meant her, and his languid circulation had dropped a syllable. "Doctor," he returns, with a pathos calculated to draw a tear from even a manly eye, "I am weak, but not so weak yet as that I do n't know my words. I repeat them,

doctor. The strange young man." It then appeared that Pickleson, being forced to stretch his legs (not that they wanted it) only at times when he could n't be seen for nothing, to wit, in the dead of the night and towards daybreak, had twice seen, hanging about my carts, in that same town of Lancaster, where I had been only two nights, this same unknown young man.

It put me rather out of sorts. Howsoever, I made light of it to Pickleson, and I took leave of Pickleson. Towards morning I kept a lookout for the strange young man, and, what was more, I saw the strange young man. He was well dressed and well looking. He loitered very nigh my carts, watching them like, as if he was taking care of them, and soon after daybreak turned and went away. I sent a hail after him; but he never started nor looked round, nor took the smallest notice.

We left Lancaster within an hour or two, on our way towards Carlisle. Next morning at daybreak I looked out again for the strange young man, and there he was once more. I sent another hail after him, but as before he gave not the slightest sign of being anyways disturbed. This put a thought into my head. Acting on it, I watched him in different manners and at different times not necessary to enter into, till I found that this strange young man was deaf and dumb.

The discovery turned me over, because I knew that a part of that establishment where she had been was allotted to young men (some of them well off), and I thought to myself, "If she favors him, where am I, and where is all that I have worked and planned for?"—hoping—I must confess to the selfishness—that she might *not* favor him. I set myself to find out. At last I was by accident present at a meeting between them in the open air, looking on, leaning behind a fir-tree, without

their knowing of it. It was a moving meeting for all the three parties concerned. I knew every syllable that passed between them as well as they did. I listened with my eyes, which had come to be as quick and true with deaf and dumb conversation as my ears with the talk of people that can speak. He was a-going out to China as clerk in a merchant's house, which his father had been before him. He was in circumstances to keep a wife, and he wanted her to marry him and go along with him. She persisted, no. He asked her if she did n't love him. Yes, she loved him dearly, dearly, but she could never disappoint her beloved, good, noble, generous, and I-do n't-know-what-all father (meaning me, the Cheap Jack in the sleeved waistcoat), and she would stay with him, Heaven bless him, though it was to break her heart! Then she cried most bitterly, and that made up my mind.

She had left the young man by that time, and my mind was in such an unsettled state that it took a few minutes to get me thoroughly well shook together, and the young man was leaning against another of the fir-trees,—of which there was a cluster,—with his face upon his arm. I touched him on the back. Looking up and seeing me, he says, in our deaf and dumb talk, "Do not be angry."

"I am not angry, good boy. I am your friend. Come with me."

I left him at the foot of the steps of the Library Cart, and I went up alone. She was drying her eyes.

"You have been crying, my dear."

"Yes, father."

"Why?"

"A headache."

"Not a heartache?"

"I said a headache, father."

"Doctor Marigold must prescribe for that headache."

She took up the book of my Prescriptions, and held it up with a forced smile; but seeing me keep still and look earnest, she softly laid it down again, and her eyes were very attentive.

"The prescription is not there, Sophy."

"Where is it?"

"Here, my dear."

I brought her young husband in, and I put her hand in his, and my only further words to both of them were these: "Doctor Marigold's last prescription. To be taken for life." After which I bolted.

When the wedding come off, I mounted a coat (blue and bright buttons) for the first and last time in all my days, and I give Sophy away with my own hand.

So she went to China with her young husband, and it was a parting sorrowful and heavy, and I got the boy I had another service, and so as of old, when my child and wife were gone, I went plodding along alone, with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head.

Sophy wrote me many letters, and I wrote her many letters. About the end of the first year she sent me one in an unsteady hand: "Dearest father, not a week ago I had a darling little daughter, but I am so well that they let me write these words to you. Dearest and best father, I hope my child may not be deaf and dumb, but I do not yet know." When I wrote back, I hinted the question; but as Sophy never answered that question, I felt it to be a sad one, and I never repeated it. For a long time our letters were regular, but then they got irregular through Sophy's husband being moved to another station, and through my being always on the move. But

we were in one another's thoughts, I was equally sure, letters or no letters:

Five years, odd months, had gone since Sophy went away. I was at a greater height of popularity than ever, and one Christmas evening found me in London, clean sold out.

I am a neat hand at cookery, and I'll tell you what I knocked up for my Christmas-eve dinner in the Library Cart. I knocked up a beefsteak pudding for one, with two kidneys, a dozen oysters, and a couple of mushrooms, thrown in. It's a pudding to put a man in good-humor with everything except the two bottom buttons of his waistcoat. Having relished that pudding and cleared away, I turned the lamp low, and sat down by the light of the fire, watching it as it shone upon the backs of Sophy's books.

Sophy's books so brought up Sophy's self, that I saw her touching face quite plainly, before I dropped off dozing by the fire. This may be a reason why Sophy, with her deaf and dumb child in her arms, seemed to stand silent by me all through my nap. Even when I woke with a start, she seemed to vanish, as if she had stood by me in that very place only a single instant before.

I had started at a real sound, and the sound was on the steps of the cart. It was the light hurried tread of a child, coming clambering up. That tread of a child had once been so familiar to me, that for half a moment I believed I was a-going to see a little ghost.

But the touch of a real child was laid upon the outer handle of the door, and the handle turned and the door opened a little way, and a real child peeped in. A bright little comely girl, with large dark eyes.

Looking full at me, the tiny creature took off her mite

of a straw hat, and a quantity of dark curls fell all about her face. Then she opened her lips, and said, in a pretty voice :

"Grandfather!"

"Ah!" I cries out. "She can speak!"

In a moment Sophy was round my neck as well as the child, and her husband was a-wringing my hand with his face hid, and we all had to shake ourselves together before we could get over it. And when we did begin to get over it, and I saw the pretty child a-talking, pleased and quick and eager and busy, to her mother, in the signs that I had first taught her mother, the happy and yet pitying tears fell rolling down my face.

Adapted from CHARLES DICKENS.

HOME SONG.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
S Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;

To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east and they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;

To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;

To stay at home is best.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THANATOPSIS.

TO him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice,—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,—
To be a brother to the insensible rock.
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods ; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man ! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there !
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone !
So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave

Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LITTLE ALLIE.

THE day was gloomy and chill. At the freshly-opened grave stood a little, delicate girl of five years, the only mourner for the silent heart beneath. Friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept till she had no more tears to shed, and now she stood, with her scanty clothing fluttering in the chill wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart, as if to still its beating.

"It's no use fretting," said the rough man, as he stamped the last shovelful of earth over all the child had left to love. "Fretting won't bring dead folks to life. Pity you had n't got no ship's cousins somewheres to take

you. It's a tough world, this ere, I tell ye. I don't see how ye're going to weather it. Guess I'll take ye round to Miss Fetherbee's; she's got a power of children, and wants a hand to help her; so come along. If you cry enough to float the ark, it won't do you no good."

Allie obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to take another look where her mother lay buried.

The morning sun shone in upon an underground kitchen in the crowded city. Mrs. Fetherbee, attired in a gay-colored calico dress, with any quantity of tinsel jewelry, sat sewing some showy cotton lace on a cheap pocket-handkerchief. A boy of five years was disputing with a little girl of three about an apple; from big words they had come to hard blows, and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange apiece and a stick of candy—each combatant "putting in" for the biggest. Poor Allie, with pale cheeks and swollen eyelids, was staggering up and down the floor under the weight of a mammoth baby, who was amusing himself by pulling out at intervals little handfuls of her hair.

"Quiet that child, can't ye?" said Mrs. Fetherbee, in no very gentle tone. "I do n't wonder the darling is cross to see such a solemn face. You must get a little life into you somehow, or you won't earn the salt to your porridge here. There, I declare, you've half put his eyes out with those long curls, dangling round. Come here, and have 'em cut off; they do n't look proper for a charity child," and she glanced at the short, stubby crops on the heads of the little Fetherbees.

Allie's lip quivered as she said, "Mother used to love to brush them smooth every morning. She said they were like little dead sister's; please, do n't!" said she, beseechingly.

"But I tell you I'do please to cut 'em off; so there's an end of that!" said she, as the severed ringlets fell in a shining heap on the kitchen floor. "And do, for creation's sake, stop talking about 'dead folks;' and now eat your breakfast, if you want it. I forgot you had n't had any. There's some the children's left; if you're hungry, it will go down; and if you ain't, you can go without."

Poor Allie! the daintiest morsel would n't have "gone down." Her eyes filled with tears that would n't be forced back, and she sobbed out, "I must cry, if you beat me for it; my heart pains me so bad."

"H-i-t-y T-i-t-y! What's all this?" said a broad-faced, rosy milkman, as he set his shining can down on the kitchen table. "What's all this, Miss Fetherbee? I'd as lief eat pins and needles as hear a child cry. Who is she?" pointing at Allie, "and what's the matter of her?"

"Why, the long and the short of it is, she's a poor pauper that we've taken in out of charity, and she's crying at her good luck,—that's all," said the lady, with a vexed toss of her head. "That's the way benevolence is always rewarded. Nothing on earth to do here, but tend the baby, and amuse the children, and run to the door, and wash the dishes, and dust the furniture, and tidy the kitchen, and go of a few errands. Ungrateful little baggage!"

Jemmy's heart was as big as his farm, and that covered considerable ground. Glancing pitifully at the little weeper, he said, skilfully, "That child's going to be sick, Miss Fetherbee, and then what are you going to do with her? Besides, she's too young to be of much use to you. You'd better let me take her."

"Well, I should n't wonder if you was half right,"

said the frightened woman. "She's been trouble enough already. I'll give her a 'quit-claim.'"

"Will you go with me, little maid?" said Jemmy, with a bright, good-natured smile.

"If you please," said Allie, laying her little hand confidently in his rough palm.

"Sit up closer," said Jemmy, as he put one arm round her to steady her fragile figure as they rattled over the stony pavements. "We shall soon be out of this smoky old city. Consarn it! I always feel as if I was poisoned every time I come into town. And then we'll see what sweet hay-fields, and new milk, and clover blossoms, and kind hearts will do for you, you poor little plucked chicken! Where did you come from when you came to live with that old Jezebel?"

"From my mother's grave!" said Allie.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Jemmy, wiping away a tear with his coat-sleeve. "Well, never mind. I wish I had n't asked you. I'm always running my head ag'in a beam. Do you like to feed chickens, hey? Did you ever milk a cow, or ride on top of a hay-cart, or go a-berrying? Do you love bouncing red apples, and peaches as big as your fist? It shall go hard if you don't have 'em all. What's come of your hair, child? Have you had your head shaved?"

"Mrs. Fetherbee cut it off," said Allie.

"The old vixen! I wish I'd come in a little quicker. Was it your curls them young 'uns was playing with? Well, never mind," said he, looking admiringly at the sweet face before him, "you don't need 'em; and they might get you to looking in the glass oftener than was good for you.

"Well, here we are, I declare; and there stands my old woman in the door-way, shading her eyes from the sun. I guess she wonders where I raised you!

"Look here, Betsey; do you see this child? The earth is fresh on her mother's grave! She has neither kith nor kin. I have brought her from that old skinflint of a Fetherbee's, and here she is. If you like her, it's well and good; and if you don't, she'll stay here just the same. But I know you will!" said he, coaxingly, as he passed his brawny arm round her capacious waist. "And now get her something that will bring the color to her cheeks; for, mind you, I'll have no white slaves on my farm!"

How sweetly Allie's little, tired limbs rested in the fragrant lavendered sheets! A tear lingered on her cheek, but its birth was not of sorrow. Jemmy pointed it out to his wife, as they stood looking at her before retiring to rest.

"Never forget it, Betsey!" said he. "Harsh words ain't for the motherless. May God forget me, if she ever hears one from my lips!"—FANNY FERN.

AVE MARIA.

A BRETON LEGEND.

IN the ages of faith, before the day
When men were too proud to weep or pray,
There stood in a red-roofed Breton town
Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,
A chapel for simple souls to meet,
Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,

Ave Maria!

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,
With unkempt locks and a matted beard,
Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,
And whose head kept rolling from side to side;
Yet who, when the sunset glow grew dim,
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,
Ave Maria!

But when they up-got and wended home,
Those up the hillside, these to the foam,
He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,
Like a thing that is only hull and husk;
On as he hobbled, chanting still,
Now to himself, now loud and shrill,
Ave Maria!

Others might plough, and reap, and sow,
Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,
Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,
Or trundle their dead in a winding-sheet;
But he, through rapture, and pain, and wrong,
Kept singing his one monotonous song,
Ave Maria!

When thunder growled from the ravelled wrack,
And ocean to welkin bellowed back,
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath
And tore through the forest with jagged teeth,
Then leaped and laughed o'er the havoc wreaked,
The idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,
Ave Maria!

Children mocked, and mimicked his feet,
As he slouched or sidled along the street;
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,
An! weary mothers eschewed his eye;

And half in pity, half scorn, the folk
Christened him, from the words he spoke,
Ave Maria!

One year, when the harvest feasts were done,
And the mending of tattered nets begun,
And the kittiwake's scream took a weirder key
From the wailing wind, and the moaning sea,
He was found, at morn, on the fresh-strewn snow,
Frozen, and faint, and crooning low,
Ave Maria!

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,
And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,
Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,
And strove to quiet his chattering chin;
But, ebbing with unreturning tide,
He kept on murmuring till he died,
Ave Maria!

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,
He could not be buried in sacred earth;
So they laid him afar, apart, alone,
Without or a cross, or turf, or stone,
Senseless clay unto senseless clay,
To which none ever came nigh to say,
Ave Maria!

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,
From forehead to footstep one foul fault,
Crazy, contorted, mindless-born,
The gentle's pity, the cruel's scorn,
Who shall bar you the gates of day,
So you have simple faith to say,
Ave Maria!

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN JUSTICE.

“THE snow is deep,” the Justice said ;
“There’s mighty mischief overhead.”
“High talk, indeed !” his wife exclaimed ;
“What, sir ! shall Providence be blamed ?”
The Justice, laughing, said, “Oh no !
I only meant the loads of snow
Upon the roofs. The barn is weak ;
I greatly fear the roof will break.
So hand me up the spade, my dear,
I’ll mount the barn, the roof to clear.”
“No !” said the wife ; “the barn is high,
And if you slip, and fall, and die,
How will my living be secured ?—
Stephen, your life is not insured.
But tie a rope your waist around,
And it will hold you safe and sound.”
“I will,” said he. “Now for the roof—
All snugly tied, and danger-proof !
Excelsior ! Excel— But no !
The rope is not secured below !”
Said Rachel, “Climb, the end to throw
Across the top, and I will go
And tie that end around my waist.”
“Well, every woman to her taste ;
You always would be tightly laced.
Rachel, when you became my bride,
I thought the knot securely tied ;
But lest the bond should break in twain,
I’ll have it fastened once again.”

Below the arm-pits tied around,
She takes her station on the ground,

While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
He shovels clear the lower edge.
But, sad mischance! the loosened snow
Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
And as he tumbles with the slide,
Up Rachel goes on t'other side.
Just half-way down the Justice hung;
Just half-way up the woman swung.
"Good land o' Goshen!" shouted she;
"Why, do you see it?" answered he.

The couple, dangling in the breeze,
Like turkeys hung outside to freeze,
At their rope's end and wit's end, too,
Shout back and forth what best to do.
Cried Stephen, "Take it coolly, wife;
All have their ups and downs in life."
Quoth Rachel, "What a pity 't is
To joke at such a time as this!
A man whose wife is being hung
Should know enough to hold his tongue."
"Now, Rachel, as I look below,
I see a tempting heap of snow.
Suppose, my dear, I take my knife,
And cut the rope to save my life."
She shouted, "Don't! 't would be my death—
I see some pointed stones beneath.
A better way would be to call
With all our might, for Phebe Hall."
'Agreed!" he roared. First he, then she
Gave tongue: "O Phebe! Phebe! *Phe-e-*
be Hall!" in tones both fine and coarse,
Enough to make a drover hoarse.

Now Phebe, over at the farm,
Was sitting, sewing, snug and warm ;
But hearing, as she thought, her name,
Sprang up, and to the rescue came,
Beheld the scene, and thus she thought :
“ If now a kitchen chair were brought,
And I could reach the lady's foot,
I'd draw her downward by the boot,
Then cut the rope, and let him go ;
He cannot miss the pile of snow.”
He sees her moving towards his wife,
Armed with a chair and carving-knife,
And, ere he is aware, perceives
His head ascending to the eaves ;
And, guessing what the two are at,
Screams from beneath the roof, “ Stop that !
You make me fall too far, by half ! ”
But Phebe answers, with a laugh,
“ Please tell a body by what right
You've brought your wife to such a plight ! ”
And then, with well-directed blows,
She cuts the rope and down he goes.

The wife untied, they walk around,
When, lo ! no Stephen can be found.
They call in vain, run to and fro ;
They look around, above, below ;
No trace or token can they see,
And deeper grows the mystery.
Then Rachel's heart within her sank ;
But, glancing at the snowy bank,
She caught a little gleam of hope—
A gentle movement of the rope.
They scrape away a little snow ;
What's this ? A hat ! Ah ! he's below.

Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
And forth he stalks in tragic style.
Unhurt, and with a roguish smile;
And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
The missing found, the fallen rise.

SCHOOL "CALLED."

DO N'T you hear the children coming,
Coming into school?
Don't you hear the master drumming
On the window with his rule?
Master drumming, children coming
Into school?

Tip-toed fingers reach the catch,
Tiny fingers click the latch,
Curly-heady girls throng in,
Lily-free from toil and sin;
Breezy boys bolt in together,
Bringing breaths of winter weather,
Bringing baskets Indian-checked,
Dinners in them sadly wrecked;
Ruddy-handed, mittens off,
Soldiers from the Malakoff—
Built of snow, all marble white,
Bastions shining in the light,
Marked with many a dint and dot
Of the ice-cold cannon shot!
Hear the last assaulting shout,
See the gunners rally out,
Charge upon the battered door,
School is called, and battle o'er!

B. F. TAYLOR.

VALLEY FORGE.

[Extract from an oration delivered upon the occasion of the first Centenary Anniversary of the Encampment at Valley Forge.]

MY COUNTRYMEN:—The century that has gone by has changed the face of nature and wrought a revolution in the habits of mankind. We stand to-day at the dawn of an extraordinary age. Freed from the chains of ancient thought and superstition, man has begun to win the most extraordinary victories in the domain of science. One by one he has dispelled the doubts of the ancient world. Nothing is too difficult for his hand to attempt—no region too remote—no place too sacred for his daring eye to penetrate. He has robbed the earth of her secrets and sought to solve the mysteries of the heavens! He has secured and chained to his service the elemental forces of nature—he has made the fire his steed—the winds his ministers—the seas his pathway—the lightning his messenger. He has descended into the bowels of the earth, and walked in safety on the bottom of the sea. He has raised his head above the clouds, and made the impalpable air his resting-place. He has tried to analyze the stars, count the constellations, and weigh the sun. He has advanced with such astounding speed that, breathless, we have reached a moment when it seems as if distance had been annihilated, time made as naught, the invisible seen, the inaudible heard, the unspeakable spoken, the intangible felt, the impossible accomplished. And already we knock at the door of a new century which promises to be infinitely brighter and more enlightened and happier than this. But in all this blaze of light which illuminates the present and casts its reflection into the distant recesses of the past, there is not a single ray that shoots into the future. Not

one step have we taken toward the solution of the mystery of life. That remains to-day as dark and unfathomable as it was ten thousand years ago.

We know that we are more fortunate than our fathers. We believe that our children shall be happier than we. We know that this century is more enlightened than the last. We believe that the time to come will be better and more glorious than this. We think, we believe, we hope, but we do not know. Across that threshold we may not pass; behind that vail we may not penetrate. Into that country it may not be for us to go. It may be vouchsafed to us to behold it, wonderingly, from afar, but never to enter in. It matters not. The age in which we live is but a link in the endless and eternal chain. Our lives are like the sands upon the shore; our voices like the breath of this summer breeze that stirs the leaf for a moment and is forgotten. Whence we have come and whither we shall go, not one of us can tell. And the last survivor of this mighty multitude shall stay but a little while.

But in the impenetrable To Be, the endless generations are advancing to take our places as we fall. For them as for us shall the earth roll on and the seasons come and go, the snowflakes fall, the flowers bloom, and the harvests be gathered in. For them as for us shall the sun, like the life of man, rise out of darkness in the morning and sink into darkness in the night. For them as for us shall the years march by in the sublime procession of the ages. And here, in this place of sacrifice, in this vale of humiliation, in this valley of the shadow of that Death, out of which the life of America arose, regenerate and free, let us believe with an abiding faith that, to them, Union will seem as dear and Liberty as sweet and Progress as glorious as they were to our fathers and are to you and

me, and that the institutions which have made us happy, preserved by the virtue of our children, shall bless the remotest generations of the time to come. And unto Him who holds in the hollow of His hand the fate of nations, and yet marks the sparrow's fall, let us lift up our hearts this day, and into His eternal care commend ourselves, our children, and our country.

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

JANE CONQUEST.

ABOUT the time of Christmas
(Not many months ago),
When the sky was black
With wrath and rack,
And the earth was white with snow,
When loudly rang the tumult
Of winds and waves and strife,
In her home by the sea,
With her babe on her knee,
Sat Harry Conquest's wife.

And he was on the ocean,
Although she knew not where,
For never a lip
Could tell of the ship,
To lighten her heart's despair.
And her babe was fading and dying;
The pulse in the tiny wrist
Was all but still,
And the brow was chill,
And pale as the white sea mist.

Jane Conquest's heart was hopeless ;
She could only weep and pray
That the Shepherd mild
Would take her child
Without a pain away.

The night was dark and darker,
And the storm grew stronger still,
And buried in deep
And dreamless sleep
Lay the hamlet under the hill.

The fire was dead on the hearthstone
Within Jane Conquest's room,
And still sat she,
With her babe on her knee,
At prayer amid the gloom.
When, borne above the tempest,
A sound fell on her ear,
Thrilling her through,
For well she knew
'Twas the voice of mortal fear.
And a light leaped in at the lattice,
Sudden and swift and red ;
Crimsoning all
The whited wall,
And the floor, and the roof o'erhead.

For one brief moment, heedless
Of the babe upon her knee,
With the frenzied start
Of a frightened heart,
Upon her feet rose she.

And through the quaint old casement
She looks upon the sea :
Thank God that the sight
She saw that night,
So rare a sight should be!

Hemmed in by many a billow
With mad and foaming lip,
A mile from shore,
Or hardly more,
She saw a gallant ship,
Aflame from deck to topmast,
Aflame from stem to stern ;
For there seemed no speck
On all that wreck
Where the fierce fire did not burn :
Till the night was like a sunset,
And the sea like a sea of blood,
And the rocks and shore
Were bathed all o'er
And drenched with the gory flood.

She looked and looked, till the terror
Went creeping through every limb ;
And her breath came quick,
And her heart grew sick,
And her sight grew dizzy and dim ;
And her lips had lost their utterance,
For she tried but could not speak ;
And her feelings found
No channel of sound
In prayer, or sob, or shriek.

Once more that cry of anguish
Thrilled through the tempest's strife,
And it stirred again
In heart and brain
The active thinking life;
And the light of an inspiration
Leap'd to her brightened eye,
And on lip and brow
Was written now
A purpose pure and high.

Swiftly she turns, and softly
She crosses the chamber floor,
And faltering not,
In his tiny cot
She laid the babe she bore.
And then with a holy impulse
She sank to her knees, and made
A lowly prayer,
In the silence there,
And this was the prayer she prayed :

"O Christ, who didst bear the scourging,
And who now dost wear the crown,
I at Thy feet,
O True and Sweet,
Would lay my burden down.
Thou badst me love and cherish
The babe Thou gavest me,
And I have kept
Thy word, nor stept
Aside from following Thee.

"And lo! my boy is dying!

And vain is all my care;

And my burden's weight

Is very great,

Yea, greater than I can bear!

O Lord, Thou knowst what peril

Doth threat these poor men's lives,

And I, a woman,

Most weak and human,

Do plead for their waiting wives.

Thou canst not let them perish;

Up, Lord, in Thy strength, and save

From the scorching breath

Of this terrible death

On this cruel winter wave.

"Take Thou my babe and watch it,

No care is like to Thine;

And let Thy power,

In this perilous hour,

Supply what lack is mine."

And so her prayer she ended,

And rising to her feet,

Gave one long look

At the cradle nook

Where the child's faint pulses beat;

And then with softest footsteps

Retrod the chamber floor,

And noiselessly groped

For the latch, and oped

And crossed the cottage door.

And through the tempest bravely
Jane Conquest fought her way,
By snowy deep
And slippery steep,
To where her duty lay.
And she journeyed onward, breathless,
And weary and sore and faint,
Yet forward pressed
With the strength, and the zest,
And the ardor of a saint.

Solemn, and weird, and lonely,
Amid its countless graves,
Stood the old gray church
On its tall rock perch,
Secure from the sea and its waves;
And beneath its sacred shadow
Lay the hamlet safe and still;
For however the sea
And the wind might be,
There was quiet under the hill.

Jane Conquest reached the churchyard,
And stood by the old church door,
But the oak was tough,
And had bolts enough,
And her strength was frail and poor;
So she crept through a narrow window,
And climbed the belfry stair,
And grasped the rope,
Sole cord of hope
For the mariners in despair.

And the wild wind helped her bravely,
And she wrought with an earnest will,
And the clamorous bell
Spoke out right well
To the hamlet under the hill.

And it roused the slumbering fishers,
Nor its warning task gave o'er
Till a hundred fleet
And eager feet
Were hurrying to the shore.
And then it ceased its ringing,
For the woman's work was done,
And many a boat
That was now afloat
Showed man's work had begun.

But the ringer in the belfry
Lay motionless and cold,
With the cord of hope,
The church-bell rope,
Still in her frozen hold.

How long she lay it boots not,
But she woke from her swoon at last,
In her own bright room,
To find the gloom,
And the grief, and the peril past,
With the sense of joy within her,
And the Christ's sweet presence near;
And friends around,
And the cooing sound
Of her babe's voice in her ear.

And they told her all the story,
How a brave and gallant few
O'ercame each check,
And reached the wreck,
And saved the hopeless crew.
And how the curious sexton
Had climbed the belfry stair,
And of his fright
When, cold and white,
He found her lying there ;
And how, when they had borne her
Back to her home again,
The child she left
With a heart bereft
Of hope, and weary with pain,
Was found within his cradle
In a quiet slumber laid ;
With a peaceful smile
On its lips the while,
And the wasting sickness stayed.

And she said, " 'T was the Christ who watched it,
And brought it safely through ;"
And she praised His truth
And His tender ruth
Who had saved her darling too.

EASTER MORNING.

OSTERA! spirit of spring-time,
Awake from thy slumbers deep!
Arise! and with hands that are glowing,
Put off the white garments of sleep!
Make thyself fair, O goddess!
In new and resplendent array,
For the footsteps of Him who has risen
Shall be heard in the dawn of day.

Flushes the trailing arbutus
Low under the forest leaves—
A sign that the drowsy goddess
The breath of her Lord perceives.
While He suffered, her pulse beat numbly;
While He slept, she was still with pain;
But now He awakes—He has risen—
Her beauty shall bloom again.

O hark! in the budding woodlands,
Now far, now near, is heard
The first prelusive warble
Of rivulet and of bird.
O listen! the Jubilate
From every bough is poured,
And earth in the smile of spring-time
Arises to greet her Lord!

Radiant goddess Aurora!
Open the chambers of dawn :
Let the Hours like a garland of graces
Enrich the chariot of morn.

Thou dost herald no longer Apollo,
The god of the sunbeam and lyre;
The pride of his empire is ended,
And pale is his armor of fire.

From a loftier height than Olympus
Light flows, from the Temple above,
And the mists of old legends are scattered
In the dawn of the Kingdom of Love.
Come forth from the cloudland of fable,
For day in full splendor make room—
For a triumph that lost not its glory
As it paused in the sepulchre's gloom.

She comes! the bright goddess of morning,
In crimson and purple array;
Far down on the hill-tops she tosses
The first golden lilies of day.
On the mountains her sandals are glowing,
O'er the valleys she speeds on the wing,
Till earth is all rosy and radiant
For the feet of the new-risen King.

Open the gates of the Temple;
Spread branches of palm and of bay;
Let not the spirits of nature
Alone deck the Conqueror's way.
While Spring from her death sleep arises
And joyous His presence awaits,
While Morning's smile lights up the heavens,
Open the Beautiful Gates!

He is here! The long watches are over,
The stone from the grave rolled away.
"We shall sleep," was the sigh of the midnight;
"We shall rise," is the song of to-day.

O Music! no longer lamenting,
 On pinions of tremulous flame
 Go soaring to meet the Beloved,
 And swell the new song of His fame!

The altar is snowy with blossoms,
 The font is a vase of perfume,
 On pillar and chancel are twining
 Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.
Christ is risen! with glad lips we utter,
 And far up the infinite height
 Archangels the pæan re-echo,
 And crown Him with Lilies of Light!

FRANCES L. MACE.

EVE AND THE SERPENT.

A FRENCHMAN'S idea of the *modus operandi* by which that objectionable reptile, the serpent, carried out his programme with Eve, is thus pleasingly narrated in the French gentleman's broken English:

"Monsieur Adam he walked up, he sees une belle demoiselle aslip in ze garden. Viola de la chance. 'Bon jour, Madame Iv.' Madame Iv she wake; she hole her fan before to her face. Adam put up his eyeglass to admire ze tableau. Zey make one promenade. Madame Iv she feel hungry. She sees appel on ze arbre. Serpent ze promene sur l'arbre, make one walk on ze tree. 'Monsieur Serpent,' says Iv, 'Weel you have not ze bonte to peek me some appel, j'ai faime?' 'Certainment, madame,' say ze serpent, 'charme de vous voir.' 'Holo, mon ami, ar-r-eter vous,' say Adam; 'stop que songez vous faire! What madness is zees? You must

not peek ze appel.' Ze snake he take one pinch of snuff; he say: 'Ah, Monsieur Adam, do you not know there is nothing probebeet for ze ladies? Madame Iv, permeet me to offer you some of this fruit defendu.' Iv she make one courtesy. Ze snake he fill her whole parasol wiz appel."

TOM.

YES, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this:—

When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless there, full in my view
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage without
Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!"

Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man!
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could. He sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side; and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept

The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
Again and again. O God, what a cry!

The axes went faster: I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them,—when, suddenly, there at their
feet,

The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash,—
Jumped to get out of the way,—and I thought,
“All’s up with poor little Robin!” and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there,—when swift, at my side,
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame,
Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came
Back with him, choking and crying, but—saved!
Saved safe and sound.

Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahd! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.

Oh! you’d admire
To see Robin now: he’s as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
Tom, it was, saved him. Now, is n’t it true
Tom’s the best fellow that ever you knew?
There’s Robin now! See, he’s strong as a log!
And there comes Tom, too—

Yes, Tom was our dog.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

ST. JOHN THE AGED.

I'M growing very old. This weary head
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
In days long past that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.
These limbs that followed him, my Master, oft!
From Galilee to Judah; yea, that stood
Beneath the cross and trembled with his groans,
Refuse to bear me even through the streets
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.
My ears are dull; they scarcely hear the sobs
Of my dear children gathered 'round my couch;
My eyes so dim, they cannot see their tears.
God lays his hand upon me,—yea, his HAND,
And not his ROD—the gentle hand that I
Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine,
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.

I'm old, so old! I cannot recollect
The faces of my friends, and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life;
But that dear face, and every word HE spoke,
Grow more distinct as others fade away,
So that I live with him and th' holy dead
More than with living.

Some seventy years ago
I was a fisher by the sacred sea.
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake

Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!
And then he came and called me. Then I gazed
For the first time on that sweet face. Those eyes,
From out of which, as from a window, shone
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
And lighted it forever. Then his words
Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
The whole world musical. Incarnate love
Took hold of me and claimed me for its own ;
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His mantle.

Oh ! what holy walks we had,
Thro' harvest fields, and desolate, dreary wastes ;
And oftentimes he leaned upon my arm,
Wearied and wayworn. I was young and strong,
And so upbore him. Lord ! now I am weak,
And old, and feeble. Let me rest on thee !
So, put thine arm around me. Closer still !
How strong thou art ! The twilight draws apace ;
Come, let us leave these noisy streets and take
The path to Bethany, for Mary's smile
Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.
Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter, see,
Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends ?
That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
Back to his kingdom ? Ay, 't is so, 't is so.
I know it all ; and yet, just now, I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills
And touch my Master ! Oh ! how oft I've seen
The touching of his garments bring back strength

To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
Up! bear me once more to my church—once more!
There let me tell them of a Saviour's love;
For by the sweetness of my Master's voice
Just now, I think he must be very near—
Coming, I trust, to break the veil which time
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
And watch his footsteps.

So, raise up my head.

How dark it is! I cannot seem to see
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!
My little children! God so loveth the world
He gave his Son; so love ye one another;
Love God and man, Amen. Now bear me back.
My legacy unto an angry world is this,
I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?
What call the folks my name? "The holy John?"
Nay, write me rather Jesus Christ's beloved,
And lover of my children.

Lay me down

Once more upon my couch, and open wide
The eastern window. See! there comes a light
Like that which broke upon my soul at eve,
When, in the dreary Isle of Patmos, Gabriel came
And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows
As when we mounted toward the pearly gates.
I know the way! I trod it once before!
And hark! it is the song the ransomed sang
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
Can join it now. But who are these who crowd

The shining way? O joy! it is the eleven!
With Peter first; how eagerly he looks!
How bright the smiles are beaming on James' face
I am the last. Once more we are complete
To gather 'round the Paschal feast. My place
Is next my Master. O my Lord! my Lord!
How bright thou art, and yet the very same
I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred years
To feel this bliss! So lift me up, dear Lord,
Unto thy bosom, full of perfect peace.

A DAY AT NIAGARA.

NIAGARA FALLS is one of the finest structures in the known world. I have been visiting this favorite watering-place recently, for the first time, and was well pleased. A gentleman who was with me said it was customary to be disappointed in the Falls, but that subsequent visits were sure to set that all right. He said that the first time he went, the hack fares were so much higher than the Falls, that the Falls appeared insignificant. But that is all regulated now. The hackmen have been tamed, numbered, and placarded, and blackguarded, and brought into subjection to the law, and dosed with moral principle till they are as meek as missionaries. There are no more outrages and extortions. That sort of thing cured itself. It made the Falls unpopular by getting into the newspapers; and whenever a public evil achieves that sort of success for itself, its days are numbered. It became apparent that either the Falls had to be discontinued, or the hackmen had to subside. They could not

dam the Falls, and so they did the hackmen. One can be comfortable and happy there now.

I drank up most of the American Fall before I learned that the waters were not considered medicinal. Why are people left in ignorance that way? I might have gone on and ruined a fine property, merely for the want of a little trifling information. And yet the sources of information at Niagara Falls are not meagre. You are sometimes in doubt there about what you ought to do, but you are seldom in doubt about what you must *not* do. No, the signs keep you posted. If an infant can read, that infant is measurably safe at Niagara Falls. In your room at the hotel you will find your course marked out for you in the most convenient way, by means of placards on the wall like these:

"Pull the bell-rope gently, but do n't jerk."

"Bolt your door."

"Do n't scrape matches on the wall."

"Turn off your gas when you retire."

"Tie up your dog."

"If you place your boots outside the door, they will be blacked, but the house will not be responsible for their return." (This is a confusing and tanglesome proposition, because it moves you to deliberate long and painfully as to whether it will really be any object to you to have your boots blacked unless they are returned.)

"Give your key to the omnibus-driver, if you forget and carry it off with you."

Outside the hotel, wherever you wander, you are intelligently assisted by the signs. You cannot come to grief as long as you are in your right mind. But the difficulty is to *stay* in your right mind with so much instruction to keep track of. For instance:

"Keep off the grass."

"Don't climb the trees."

"Hands off the vegetables."

"Do not hitch your horses to the shrubbery."

"Visit the Cave of the Winds."

"Have your portrait taken in your carriage."

"Forty per cent. in gold levied on all peanuts or other Indian curiosities purchased in Canada."

"Photographs of the Falls taken here."

"Visitors will please notify the superintendent of any neglect on the part of employes to charge for commodities or services."

"Don't throw stones down; they may hit people below."

"The proprietors will not be responsible for parties who jump over the Falls."

To tell the plain truth, the multitude of signs annoyed me. It was because I noticed at last that they always happened to prohibit exactly the very thing I was just wanting to do. I desired to roll on the grass; the sign prohibited it. I wished to climb a tree; a sign prohibited it. I longed to smoke; the sign prohibited it. And I was just in the act of throwing a stone over to astonish and pulverize such parties as might be picnicing below, when a sign I have just mentioned forbade that. Even that satisfaction was denied me (and I a friendless orphan). There was no resource now but to seek consolation in the flowing bowl. I drew my flask from my pocket, but it was all in vain. A sign confronted me, which said:

"No drinking allowed on these premises."

On that spot I might have perished of thirst but for the saving words of an honored maxim that flitted through my memory at that critical moment, "All signs fail in a dry time." Common law takes precedence of the statutes. I was saved.

The noble Red Man has always been a darling of mine. I love to read about him in tales and legends and romances. I love to read of his inspired sagacity; and of his love of the wild, free life of mountain and forest; and his grand truthfulness; his hatred of treachery; and his general nobility of character; and his stately metaphorical manner of speech; and his chivalrous love for his dusky maiden; and the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement. Especially the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement. When I found the shops at Niagara Falls full of dainty Indian bead-work and stunning moccasins, and equally stunning toy figures representing human beings who carried their weapons in holes bored through their arms and bodies, and had feet shaped like a pie, I was filled with emotion. I knew that now, at last, I was going to come face to face with the noble red man. A lady clerk in the shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array of curiosities were made by the Indians, and that there were plenty about the Falls, and that they were friendly, and it would not be dangerous to speak to them. And sure enough, as I approached the bridge leading over to Luna Island, I came upon a noble old son of the forest sitting under a tree, diligently at work on a bead reticule. He wore a slouch hat and brogans, and had a short black pipe in his mouth. Thus does the baneful contact with our effeminate civilization dilute the picturesque pomp which is so natural to the Indian when far removed from us in his native haunts. I addressed the relic as follows:

"Is the Wawhoo-Wang-wang of the Wack-a-Whack happy? Does the great Speckled Thunder sigh for the war-path, or is his heart contented with dreaming of his dusky maiden, the Pride of the Forest? Does the mighty sachem yearn to drink the blood of his enemies,

or is he satisfied to make bead reticules for the papooses of the paleface? Speak, sublime relic of by-gone grandeur—venerable ruin, speak!”

The relic said :

“An’ is it meself, Dinnis Hooligan, that ye’d be takin’ for a bloody Injin, ye drawlin’, lantern-jawed, spider-legged ruffin? By the piper that played before Moses, I’ll ate ye!”

I went away.

I made one more attempt to fraternize with them, and only one. I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making wampum and moccasins, and addressed them in the language of friendship:

“Noble Red Men, Braves, Grand Sachems, War-chiefs, Squaws, and High-you-Muck-a-Mucks, the paleface from the land of the setting sun greets you! You, Beneficent Polecat—you, Devourer-of-Mountains—you, Roaring-Thundergust—you, Bully-Boy-with-a-Glass-Eye—the paleface from beyond the great waters greets you all! War and pestilence have thinned your ranks and destroyed your once proud nation. Poker, and seven-up, and a vain modern expense for soap, unknown to your glorious ancestors, have depleted your purses. Appropriating, in your simplicity, the property of others has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts, in your sinless innocence, has damaged your reputation with the soulless usurper. Trading for forty-rod whiskey, to enable you to get drunk and happy and tomahawk your families, has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress, and here you are, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the rag-tag and bob-tail of the purlieus of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas!—and Red Jacket!—

and Hole-in-the-Day!—and Horace Greeley! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious guttersnipes—”

“Down wid him!”

“Scoop the blagyard!”

“Hang him!”

“Dhrownd him!”

It was the quickest operation tnat ever was. I simply saw a sudden flash in the air of clubs, brickbats, fists, bead-baskets and moccasins—a single flash, and they all appeared to hit me at once, and no two of them in the same place. In the next instant the entire tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off me, they broke my arms and legs, they gave me a thump that dented the top of my head till it would hold coffee like a saucer; and to crown their disgraceful proceedings and add insult to injury, they threw me over the Horse-shoe Fall, and I got wet.

About ninety-nine or a hundred feet from the top, the remains of my vest caught on a projecting rock, and I was almost drowned before I could get loose. I finally fell, and brought up in a world of white foam at the foot of the Fall, whose celled and bubbly masses towered up several inches above my head. Of course I got into the eddy. I sailed round and round in it forty-four times—chasing a chip, and gaining on it—each round trip a half a mile—reaching for the same bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missing it by a hair's breadth every time. At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush, and put a pipe in his mouth and lit a match, and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match while he sheltered it in his hands from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out. The next time I swept round him he said:

"Got a match?"

"Yes—in my other vest. Help me out, please!"

"Not for Joe."

When I came round again, I said:

"Excuse the seemingly impertinent curiosity of a drowning man, but will you explain this singular conduct of yours?"

"With pleasure. I am the coroner. Don't hurry on my account. I can wait for you. But I wish I had a match."

I said, "Take my place, and I'll go and get you one."

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coolness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him. It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the occurrence as to throw my custom into the hands of the opposition coroner over on the American side. At last a policeman came along and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling at people on shore for help. The judge fined me, but I had the advantage of him. My money was with my pantaloons, and my pantaloons were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a very critical condition. At least I am lying, any way—critical or not critical.

I am hurt all over, but I cannot tell the full extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory. He will make out my manifest this evening. However, thus far, he thinks only six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

I shall not be able to finish my remarks about Niagara Falls until I get better.—MARK TWAIN.



THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.

THEY planted them together—our gallant sires of
old—

Though one was crowned with crystal snow, and one with
solar gold.

They planted them together,—on the world's majestic
height;

At Saratoga's deathless charge; at Eutaw's stubborn
fight;

At midnight on the dark redoubt, 'mid plunging shot
and shell;

At noontide, gasping in the crush of battle's bloody
swell.

With gory hands and reeking brows, amid the mighty
fray

Which surged and swelled around them on that memor-
able day

When they planted Independence as a symbol and a
sign,

They struck deep soil, and planted the palmetto and the
pine.

They planted them together,—by the river of the
years,—

Watered with our fathers' hearts' blood, watered with our
mothers' tears;

In the strong, rich soil of freedom, with a bounteous
benison

From their prophet, priest, and pioneer—our father,
Washington!

Above them floated echoes of the ruin and the wreck,
Like "drums that beat at Louisburg, and thundered at
Quebec;"

But the old lights sank in darkness as the new stars rose
to shine

O'er those emblems of the sections, the palmetto and the
pine.

And we'll plant them still together—for 't is yet the self-
same soil

Our fathers' valor won for us by victory and toil ;
On Florida's fair everglades, by bold Ontario's flood,—
And through them send electric life, as leaps the kin-
dred blood !

For thus it is they taught us who for freedom lived and
died,—

The Eternal's law of justice must and shall be justified,
That God has joined together, by a fiat all divine,
The destinies of dwellers 'neath the palm-tree and the
pine.

God plant them still together! Let them flourish side
by side

In the halls of our Centennial, mailed in more than
marble pride !

With kindly deeds and noble names we'll grave them
o'er and o'er,

With brave historic legends of the glorious days of
yore ;

While the clear, exultant chorus, rising from united
bands,

The echo of our triumph peals to earth's remotest
lands ;

While "faith, fraternity, and love" shall joyfully en-
twine

Around our chosen emblems, the palmetto and the pine.

"Together!" shouts Niagara, his thunder-toned decree;
 "Together!" echo back the waves upon the Mexic
 Sea;

"Together!" sing the sylvan hills where old Atlantic
 roars;

"Together!" boom the breakers on the wild Pacific
 shores;

"Together!" cry the people. And "*together*" it shall
 be,

An everlasting charter-bond forever for the free!

Of liberty the signet-seal, the one eternal sign,

Be those *united emblems*—the palmetto and the pine.

VIRGINIA L. FRENCH.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOOSE.

AND are ye sure the news is true?
 And are ye sure he's weel?

Is this a time to talk o' wark?

Ye jades, fling by your wheel!

Is this a time to think o' wark

When Colin's at the door?

Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay

And see him come ashore;

For there's nae luck about the hoose,

There's nae luck at a',

There's little pleasure in the hoose

When our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,

Put on the muckle pot,

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jack his Sunday coat,

And mak' their shoes as black as sloes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.
For there's nae luck, etc.

There are twa hens upon the bank,
Bin fed this month and mair,
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare:
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin's fared
When he was far awa'?
For there's nae luck, etc.

Come, gie me doon my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown,
And rin and tell the Bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town:
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose of pearly blue;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, etc.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like summer air!
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair;
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, etc.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thrilled through my heart,
They 're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we 'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.
For there's nae luck, etc.

Since Colin's well, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In truth I'm like to greet;
For there's nae luck aboot the hoose.
There's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the hoose
When our gudeman's awa'.

A THANKSGIVING.

FOR the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches;
The young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests
I thank thee, O my God!

For the sound of water gushing
In bubbling beads of light ;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm anchored out of sight ;
For the reeds among the eddies ;
The crystal on the clod ;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank thee, O my God !

For the rosebud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way ;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day ;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod ;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank thee, O my God !

For the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread ;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread ;
For the dark of silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod ;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, O my God !

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea ;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery ;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans glad, yet awed ;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank thee, O my God !

For the earth and all its beauty ;
The sky and all its light ;
For the dim and soothing shadows,
That rest the dazzled sight ;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod ;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank thee, O my God !

For an eye of inward seeing ;
A soul to know and love ;
For these common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove ;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath thy smile, thy rod ;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank thee, O my God !

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
With one dear name adored ;
For the heavenly in the human,—
The spirit in the Word ;
For the tokens of thy presence
Within, above, abroad ;
For thine own great gift of Being,
I thank thee, O my God !

LUCY LARCOM.



THE DUKITE SNAKE.

AN AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN'S STORY.

WELL, mate, you've asked me about a fellow
You met to-day, in a black-and-yellow
Chain-gang suit, with a peddler's pack,
Or with some such burden, strapped to his back.
Did you meet him square? No, passed you by?
Well, if you had, and had looked in his eye,
You'd have felt for your irons then and there;
For the light in his eye is a madman's glare.
Ay, mad, poor fellow! I know him well,
And if you're not tired just yet, I'll tell
His story,—a strange one as ever you heard
Or read; but I'll vouch for it, every word.

That man who goes
Through the bush with the pack and the convict's
clothes
Has been mad for years; but he does no harm,
And our lonely settlers feel no alarm
When they see or meet him. Poor Dave Sloane
Was a settler once, and a friend of my own.
Some eight years back, in the spring of the year,
Dave came from Scotland, and settled here.
A splendid young fellow he was just then,
And one of the bravest and truest men
That I ever met: he was kind as a woman
To all who needed a friend, and no man—
Not even a convict—met with his scorn,
For David Sloane was a gentleman born.
Ay, friend, a gentleman, though it sounds queer:
There's plenty of blue blood flowing out here.

Well, Sloane came here with an axe and a gun ;
He bought four miles of a sandal-wood run.
This bush at that time was a lonesome place,
So lonesome the sight of a white man's face
Was a blessing, unless it came at night,
And peered in your hut, with the cunning fright
Of a runaway convict ; and even they
Were welcome, for talk's sake, while they could stay.
Dave lived with me here for a while, and learned
The tricks of the bush,—how the snare was laid
In the wallaby track, how traps were made,
How 'possums and kangaroo rats were killed ;
And when that was learned, I helped him to build
From mahogany slabs a good bush hut,
And showed him how sandal-wood logs were cut.
I lived up there with him, days and days,
For I loved the lad for his honest ways.
I had only one fault to find : at first
Dave worked too hard ; for a lad who was nursed,
As he was, in idleness, it was strange
How he cleared that sandal-wood off his range.
From the morning light till the light expired
He was always working, he never tired ;
Till at length I began to think his will
Was too much settled on wealth, and still
When I looked at the lad's brown face, and eye
Clear, open, my heart gave such thought the lie.
But one day—for he read my mind—he laid
His hand on my shoulder : "Do n't be afraid,"
Said he, "that I'm seeking alone for pelf.
I work hard, friend : but 't is not for myself."

And he told me, then, in his quiet tone,
Of a girl in Scotland, who was his own,—

His wife,—'t was for her : 't was all he could say,
And his clear eye brimmed as he turned away.
After that he told me the simple tale :
They had married for love, and she was to sail
For Australia when he wrote home and told
The oft-watched-for story of finding gold.

In a year he wrote, and his news was good :
He had bought some cattle and sold his wood.
He said, " Darling, I've only a hut,—but come."
Friend, a husband's heart is a true wife's home ;
And he knew she'd come. Then he turned his hand
To make neat the house, and prepare the land
For his crops and vines ; and he made that place
Put on such a smiling and homelike face,
That when she came, and he showed her round
His sandal-wood and his crops in the ground,
And spoke of the future, they cried for joy,
The husband's arm clasping his wife and boy.

Well, friend, if a little of heaven's best bliss
Ever comes from the upper world to this,
It came into that manly bushman's life,
And circled him round with the arms of his wife.
God bless that bright memory ! Even to me,
A rough, lonely man, did she seem to be,
While living, an angel of God's pure love,
And now I could pray to her face above.
And David he loved her as only a man
With a heart as large as was his heart can.
I wondered how they could have lived apart,
For he was her idol, and she his heart.

Friend, there is n't much more of the tale to tell :
I was talking of angels a while since. Well,

Now I'll change to a devil,—ay, to a devil!
You need n't start: if a spirit of evil
Ever came to this world its hate to slake
On mankind, it came as a Dukite Snake.

Like? Like the pictures you've seen of Sin,
A long red snake,—as if what was within
Was fire that gleamed through his glistening skin.
And his eyes!—if you could go down to hell
And come back to your fellows here and tell
What the fire was like, you could find no thing,
Here below on the earth, or up in the sky,
To compare it to but a Dukite's eye!

Now, mark you, these Dukites do n't go alone:
There's another near when you see but one;
And beware you of killing that one you see
Without finding the other; for you may be
More than twenty miles from the spot that night,
When camped, but you're tracked by the lone Dukite,
That will follow your trail like Death or Fate,
And kill you as sure as you killed its mate!

Well, poor Dave Sloane had his young wife here
Three months,—'t was just this time of the year.
He had teamed some sandal-wood to the Vasse,
And was homeward bound, when he saw in the grass
A long red snake: he had never been told
Of the Dukite's ways,—he jumped to the road,
And smashed its flat head with the bullock-goat!

He was proud of the red skin, so he tied
Its tail to the cart, and the snake's blood dyed
The bush on the path he followed that night.

He was early home, and the dead Dukite
Was flung at the door to be skinned next day.
At sunrise next morning he started away
To hunt up his cattle. A three hours' ride
Brought him back: he gazed on his home with pride
And joy in his heart; he jumped from his horse.
And entered—to look on his young wife's corse,
And his dead child clutching its mother's clothes
As in fright; and there, as he gazed, arose
From her breast, where 't was resting, the gleaming head
Of the terrible Dukite, as if it said,
"I've had vengeance, my foe: you took all I had."

And so had the snake—David Sloane was mad!
I rode to his hut just by chance that night,
And there on the threshold the clear moonlight
Showed the two snakes dead. I pushed in the door
With an awful feeling of coming woe:
The dead were stretched on the moonlit floor,
The man held the hand of his wife,—his pride,
His poor life's treasure,—and crouched by her side.
O God! I sank with the weight of the blow.
I touched and called him: he heeded me not,
So I dug her grave in a quiet spot,
And lifted them both,—her boy on her breast,—
And laid them down in the shade to rest.
Then I tried to take my poor friend away,
But he cried so wofully, "Let me stay
Till she comes again!" that I had no heart
To try to persuade him then to part
From all that was left to him here,—her grave;
So I stayed by his side that night, and, save
One heart-cutting cry, he uttered no sound,—
O God! that wail—like the wail of a hound!

'Tis six long years since I heard that cry,
But 't will ring in my ears till the day I die.
Since that fearful night no one has heard
Poor David Sloane utter sound or word.
You have seen to-day how he always goes :
He's been given that suit of convict's clothes
By some prison officer. On his back
You noticed a load like a peddler's pack ?
Well, that's what he lives for : when reason went,
Still memory lived, for his days are spent
In searching for Dukites ; and year by year
That bundle of skins is growing. 'Tis clear
That the Lord out of evil some good still takes ;
For he's clearing this bush of the Dukite snakes.
J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

ZEKLE.

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbley crooknecks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her !
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
Looked warm frum floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o' the seekle ;
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk,
Ez though she wished him funder,
An' on her apples kep' to work
Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal, no ; I come designin'—"
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He could n't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin ;"
Sez she, "Think likely, *Mistor* ;"
The last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kind o' smily round the lips
An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is, they wuz cried
In meetin', come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE FRUITS OF LABOR.

TO the youthful aspirant of to-day, who is willing to take so humble a sentiment as Labor for his watch-word, there are noble examples among the great names of the past to cheer him on his way. Some of the brightest lights that have adorned the generations in which they lived, and have led the way wherever they have appeared, are those that have been obliged to trust to their own hands for maintenance and aid. With strong wills and trusting hearts, their lives have exhibited that majesty which action, steady, noble, successful, alone can give.

James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, was in early life a toiling mechanic in indigent circumstances. He was employed by the university to repair and keep in order the apparatus used in illustrating the principles of natural philosophy and chemistry. Had he been like many mechanics, he would have been content with doing the work assigned, receiving his pay, and then smoking and drinking a portion of it, with such companions as he

could induce to join him in the nearest saloon. But his mind, lit up with thought, was busy in inquiring into those laws which the apparatus he was employed to repair was designed to illustrate; and the thinking of that one man has performed more actual labor than all the slaves that have toiled and sweat since creation. The thinking of that man has revolutionized modern society, and unborn generations will rise up to bless his name.

Nathaniel Bowditch was a Boston sailor boy, and spent the greater portion of his years as a practical navigator. He had no instructor, and no opportunities for study, except such as the deck or the cabin of his vessel could afford. On one occasion his vessel was wind-bound for a week in Boston harbor. On commencement day at the university, he walked over to Cambridge to hear the performance. At the close the president conferred some honorary titles, and among them he thought he heard the degree of A. M. conferred on Nathaniel Bowditch. He was not mistaken. They indeed gave their degrees to the sailor, and well they might, for he was writing books which scarcely one of the faculty of the university could understand. The "Practical Navigator," which was the result of his studies, has carried many a sailor through the storms and darkness of a tempestuous ocean, and has guided him safely over unknown seas. He died lamented as the man, the Christian, and the first mathematical scholar of his age.

Elihu Burritt, the linguist, antiquary, and philanthropist, was left fatherless when a youth, in company with a numerous family of children, dependent upon their own exertions for support. He apprenticed himself to a blacksmith. But his mind was not satisfied with blowing bellows, turning his iron, and pounding it into shapes desired. He had, previous to this, acquired considerable

knowledge of history from the school district library. He was seized with a desire of learning Latin; and while the iron was heating, with his book secured in the chimney where the page could meet his eye, he conned the declensions and acquired the rudiments of that great language, and in the evenings of one winter he read Virgil, that masterpiece of Latin poetry. From Latin he passed to Greek, then to the modern languages, and finally back again to the oriental tongues. And thus, with no aid but his own right hand, and with no teacher but his untiring mind, he has acquired a knowledge of upwards of fifty of the leading languages of the earth, and has earned a world-wide reputation as the "Learned Blacksmith." I have seen, in the Antiquarian Hall, in Worcester, Massachusetts, writing done by him in fifty-two languages. When a scholar at the preparatory school, just commencing my classical education, I used frequently to meet him upon the streets of that city, and I never gazed upon that massive front, but with the veneration of a worshipper.

Need I mention in this connection a name which has become a household word, the cherished and honored name of Franklin? Thrown upon the mercies of the world while yet a boy, with no opportunities for school education, it is like listening to a fairy tale to read the simple narrative of his life as he tells it himself. We are carried along with magic interest, as the panorama of his years passes by. We see him enter the printing office as an apprentice—the wearisome days and sleepless nights at his books. We accompany the youth as he leaves his native city, on that then perilous voyage from Boston to Philadelphia, wandering from his home a stranger, without friends, except such as by his intelligence and kindness he never failed to make. We behold

him an awkward boy, wandering up the streets of a strange city, with his three rolls of bread. This was indeed the day of small things, but he did not despise it. He is deluded across the ocean by the false promises of a knavish governor. He teaches the London printers temperance by his example, and philosophy with his tongue. He becomes the proprietor of a printing establishment, and edits a newspaper; nor is he now ashamed of labor, for he carries the paper from the warehouse to the office upon a wheelbarrow, pushing it with his own hands. He becomes a master spirit in literature, and penetrates the intricacies of science. Step by step he steadily mounts the heights of fame. It was no flashing meteoric light that dashes athwart the heavens, which he sent forth in the domain of thought, but the warm, steady, genial rays of the summer's sun. When the colonies became involved in trouble with the parent country, and storms and darkness seemed gathering in the political heavens, the intelligence of America pointed to the humble and self-taught Franklin as their safest counselor, and we find him at the bar of the British House of Lords, pleading for the interests of those weak and struggling colonies, the objects of his affection, and advising an infatuated ministry not to proceed to violence against his American brethren. He joins hands with the Father of his Country, and those other patriots, in making and securing the adoption of a constitution for the independent United States. In his age he goes, the venerable man with white locks and thoughtful brow, to represent a sovereign nation at the court of France, there to mingle with the wise men and philosophers of that land of letters, and to stand in presence of Louis XVI., the proudest monarch of his age.—SAMUEL P. BATES.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

MY country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name—I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song :
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH, D. D.

THE DAGGER SCENE.

MACBETH, Act II., Scene I.

IS this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before,—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one-half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep: witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY.

AND so, smiling, we went on.

“Well, one day, George’s father—”

“George who?” asked Clarence.

“George Washington. He was a little boy, then, just like you. One day his father—”

“Whose father?” demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

“George Washington’s; this great man we are telling you of. One day George Washington’s father gave him a little hatchet for a—”

“Gave who a little hatchet?” the dear child interrupted, with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we did n’t. We know how to talk to children. So we went on:

“George Washington. His—”

“Who gave him the little hatchet?”

“His father. And his father—”

“Whose father?”

“George Washington’s.”

“Oh!”

“Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—”

“Told who?”

“Told George.”

“Oh, yes, George.”

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said :

"And he was told—"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George—"

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him he must be careful with the hatchet—"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with his hatchet—"

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple-tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down, and—"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No, saw the apple-tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favorite apple-tree?'"

"What apple-tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they did n't know anything about it, and—"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple-tree."

"Oh!"

"And George came up and heard them talking about it—"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About this apple-tree."

"What apple-tree?"

"The favorite tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up, and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I—'"

"Who could n't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was—'"

"His father could n't?"

"Why, no; George could n't."

"Oh! George? oh, yes!"

"'It was I cut down your apple-tree; I did—'"

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no ; said he cut down his apple-tree."

"George's apple-tree?"

"No, no ; his father's."

"Oh !"

"He said—"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no ; George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said, 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple-trees?"

"No, no, no ; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than—"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No, said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh ! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers had n't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we do n't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs, we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple-tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree.—R. N. BURDETTE.

ORGAN CREATIONS.

SOUND seeks for sympathetic things,
Whose sleeping harmony
It gently wakes and deftly rings
By touch of symphony.

The silent universe awaits
The man who finds its chords ;
To its own music then translates
His feelings, thoughts, and words.

I lay my hands on organ keys,
And its creating breath
Embodies forth whate'er I please,
From realms of life or death.

A fountain tinkles in my room,
As if the blue-bell flowers
Rang through the rainbow's bloom,
Struck by those diamond showers.

I hear a brook on summer hills—
Sun-flecked, flower-decked, fern-sprent—
The sighing pines, the wild birds' trills,
And drone of bees content.

Then murm'rous air is full of sighs ;
The wronged wail forth their prayer,
Implore God's help in dying cries ;
Storms mutter in the air :
Then mighty pulses throb : I feel
The tramp of myriad men,
The cannon's roar, the bugle's peal,
Wild battle's thrill again,
Till shouts of victory fire the soul
Because oppressions cease.
Then all the murm'rous air is full
Of gentle sounds of peace.

Like thunder roars the ocean storm,
The breakers sweep the deck,
The cordage shrieks, the timbers groan,
Then cries and crash of wreck.

Sub-bass is deep foundation meet,
Where clustered columns climb,
And arches spring and spires complete
Cathedrals, vast, sublime.
Then chants break forth from sculptured forms,
Melodious chimes from spire ;
Through arches breathe the dreams of storms,
And wingéd prayers from choir.
Like Borealis' light and shade
And forms in changing play
I build, and hold, and tint, and fade,
Then quite exhale away.

Vast multitudes of sainted souls
Like mighty waters shout,
As from the conscious organ rolls
The Halleluia Chorus out.
Unutterable things are heard
Of saints, and orders grand,
Of vaster meanings in the Word
Than all we understand.
O list ! 'mid mighty harmonies,
Unutterably clear,
Like flutes in orchestries
Sweet voices I loved here.

God's breathed creations stand
Through boundless time and sky.
O joy ! Like Him I can command,
Though my creations die.

H. W. WARREN, D. D.



THE DESERTED HOUSE.

LIFE and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night;
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the doors, the shutters close,
Or thro' the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark, deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!

TENNYSON.



HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH!

Isaiah LV.

HO, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people. Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return

unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.—BIBLE.

ORATORY.

ORATORY has this test and mark of divine providence, that God, when he makes things perfect, signifies that he is done, by throwing over them the robe of beauty; for beauty is the divine thought of excellence. All growing things, in their earlier stages, are rude. All of them are in vigorous strength, it may be; but not until the blossom comes, and the fruit hangs pendant, has the vine evinced for what it was made. God is a God of beauty; and beauty is everywhere the final process. When things have come to that, they have touched their limit.

A living force that brings to itself all the resources of imagination, all the inspirations of feeling, all that is influential in body, in voice, in eye, in gesture, in posture, in the whole animated man, is in strict analogy with the divine thought and the divine arrangement; and there is no misconception more utterly untrue and fatal than this: that oratory is an artificial thing, which deals with haubles and trifles, for the sake of making bubbles of pleasure for transient effect on mercurial audiences. So far from that, it is the consecration of the whole man to

the noblest purposes to which one can address himself—the education and inspiration of his fellow-men by all that there is in learning, by all that there is in thought, by all that there is in feeling, by all that there is in all of them, sent home through the channels of taste and of beauty. And so regarded, oratory should take its place among the highest departments of education.

But oratory is disregarded largely; and one of the fruits of this disregard is, that men fill all the places of power with force misdirected; with energy not half so fruitful as it might be; with sincerity that knows not how to spread its wings and fly. If you were to trace and to analyze the methods which prevail in all the departments of society, you would find in no other such contempt of culture, and in no other such punishment of this contempt.

How much squandering there is of the voice! How little is there of the advantage that may come from conversational tones! How seldom does a man dare to acquit himself with pathos and fervor! And the men are themselves mechanical and methodical in the bad way, who are most afraid of the artificial training that is given in the schools, and who so often show by the fruit of their labor that the want of oratory is the want of education.

How remarkable is sweetness of voice in the mother, in the father, in the household! The music of no chorded instruments brought together is, for sweetness, like the music of familiar affection when spoken by brother and sister, or by father and mother.

Conversation itself belongs to oratory. How many men there are who are weighty in argument, who have abundant resources, and who are almost boundless in their power at other times and in other places, but who, when in company among their kind, are exceedingly unapt in

their methods. Having none of the secret instruments by which the elements of nature may be touched, having no skill and no power in this direction, they stand as machines before living, sensitive men. A man may be as a master before an instrument ; only the instrument is dead ; and he has the living hand ; and out of that dead instrument what wondrous harmony springs forth at his touch ! And if you can electrify an audience by the power of a living man on dead things, how much more should that audience be electrified when the chords are living and the man is alive, and he knows how to touch them with divine inspiration !

I advocate, therefore, in its full extent, and for every reason of humanity, of patriotism, and of religion, a more thorough culture of oratory.

First, in the orator, is the man. Let no man who is a sneak try to be an orator. A man who is to be an orator must have something to say. He must have something that in his very soul he feels to be worth saying. He must have in his nature that kindly sympathy which connects him with his fellow-men, and which so makes him a part of the audience which he moves as that his smile is their smile, that his tear is their tear, and that the throb of his heart becomes the throb of the hearts of the whole assembly. A man that is humane, a lover of his kind, full of all earnest and sweet sympathy for their welfare, has in him the original element, the substance, of oratory, which is truth ; but in this world truth needs nursing and helping ; it needs every advantage ; for the underflow of life is animal, and the channels of human society have been taken possession of by lower influences beforehand. The devil squatted on human territory before the angel came to dispossess him. Pride and intolerance, arrogance and its cruelty, selfishness and its greed, all the

lower appetites and passions, swarm, and hold in thrall the under-man that each one of us yet carries—the man of flesh, on which the spirit-man seeks to ride, and by which too often he is thrown and trampled under foot. The truth, in its attempt to wean the better from the worse, needs every auxiliary and every adjuvant.

The first work, therefore, is to teach a man's body to serve his soul; and in this work, the education of the bodily presence is the very first step. What power there is in posture and in gesture! By it, how many discriminations are made; how many smooth things are rolled off; how many complex things men are made to comprehend!

Among other things, the voice—perhaps the most important of all, and the least cultured—should not be forgotten. The human voice is like an orchestra. It ranges high up, and can shriek betimes like the scream of an eagle; or it is low as a lion's tone; and at every intermediate point is some peculiar quality. It has in it the mother's whisper and the father's command. It has in it warning and alarm. It has in it sweetness. It is full of mirth and full of gayety. It glitters, though it is not seen with all its sparkling fancies. It ranges high, intermediate, or low, in obedience to the will, unconsciously to him who uses it; and men listen through the long hour, wondering that it is so short, and quite unaware that they have been bewitched out of their weariness by the charm of a voice, not artificial, not pre-arranged in the man's thought, but by assiduous training made to be his highest nature. Such a voice answers to the soul, and is its beating.

“But,” it is said, “does not the voice come by nature?” Yes; but is there anything that comes by nature which stays as it comes, if it is worthily handled? We receive

one talent that we may make it five ; and we receive five talents that we may make them ten. There is no one thing in man that he has in perfection till he has it by culture. We know that in respect to everything but the voice. Is not the ear trained to acute hearing ? Is not the eye trained in science ? Do men not school the eye, and make it quick-seeing by patient use ? Is a man, because he has learned a trade, and was not born with it, thought to be less a man ? Because we have made discoveries of science, and adapted them to manufacture ; because we have developed knowledge by training, are we thought to be unmanly ? Shall we, because we have unfolded our powers by the use of ourselves for that noblest of purposes, the inspiration and elevation of mankind, be less esteemed ? Is the school of human training to be disdained, when by it we are rendered more useful to our fellow-men ?

If you go from our land to other lands ; if you go to the land which has been irradiated by parliamentary eloquence ; if you go to the people of Great Britain ; if you go to the great men in ancient times who lived in the intellect ; if you go to the illustrious names that every one recalls,—Demosthenes and Cicero,—they represent a life of work.

Not until Michael Angelo had been the servant and the slave of matter, did he learn to control matter ; and not until he had drilled and drilled and drilled himself were his touches free and easy as the breath of summer, and full of color as the summer itself. Not until Raphael had subdued himself by color, was he the crowning artist of beauty. You shall not find one great sculptor, nor one great architect, nor one great painter, nor one eminent man in any department of art, nor one great scholar, nor one great statesman, nor one divine of universal gifts,

whose greatness, if you inquire, you will not find to be the fruit of study, and of the evolution that comes from study.

Great is the advance of civilization; mighty are the engines of force, but man is greater than that which he produces. Vast is that machine which stands in the dark, unconsciously lifting, lifting—the only humane slave—the iron slave—the Corliss engine; but he that made the engine is greater than the engine itself. Wonderful is the skill by which that most exquisite mechanism of modern life, the watch, is constructed; but greater is the man that made the watch than the watch that is made. Great is the Press, great are the hundred instrumentalities and institutions and customs of society; but above them all is man. The living force is greater than any of its creations—greater than society, greater than its laws. “The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath,” saith the Lord. Man is greater than his own institutions. And this living force is worthy of all culture—of all culture in the power of beauty; of all culture in the direction of persuasion; of all culture in the art of reasoning.

To make men patriots, to make men Christians, to make men the sons of God, let all the doors of heaven be opened, and let God drop down charmed gifts—winged imagination, all-perceiving reason, and all-judging reason. Whatever there is that can make men wiser and better—let it descend upon the head of him who has consecrated himself to the work of mankind, and who has made himself an orator for man's sake and for God's sake.

H. W. BEECHER.

DIALOGUES AND MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF KING JOHN.

PART I.—KING JOHN *instigates* HUBERT to *assassinate* ARTHUR PLANTAGENET, *nephew of the king, and rightful heir of the crown of England, usurped by John.*

Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

KING JOHN—Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much : within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hubert—I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. J.—Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—But, let it go :
The sun is in the heaven ; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,

K. J. **Enough.**

Remember :—

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hub.—Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1st Attendant.—I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub.—Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.
[Attendants retire.]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur.—Good-morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good-morrow, little prince.

Arth.—As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub.—Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night.

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long ;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me :
He is afraid of me, and I of him :
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?
No, indeed, is't not ; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub.—If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. — [*Aside.*]

Arth.—Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub.—His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How
now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]

Turning despiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender, womanish tears.
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arth.—Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub.—Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth.—Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had—a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again :
And with my hand at midnight held your head ;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time :
Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?
Or, What good love may I perform for you ?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will :
If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes ?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you ?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth.—Ah, none but in this iron age would do it !
The iron, of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence ;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron ?
And if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub.—Come forth. [Stamps.]

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, etc.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth.—O save me, Hubert, save me ! My eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub.—Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth.—Alas ! what need you be so boisterous rough ?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
 Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the irons angrily ;
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torments you do put me to.

Hub.—Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

1st Atten.—I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Attendants retire.*]

Arth.—Alas ! I then have chid away my friend :
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth.—Is there no remedy ?

Hub.—None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth.—O heaven ! that there were but a mote in yours,
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense !
 Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub.—Is this your promise ? Go to ; hold your tongue.

Arth.—Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
 Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes ; oh, spare mine eyes :
 Though to no use, but still to look on you !
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
 And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth.—No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,—

PART III.—PRINCE ARTHUR *is supposed to have been assassinated.*

Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

Hub.—My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night :

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. J.—Five moons ?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously ;
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
While he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and ranked in Kent :
Another lean, unwashed artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. J.—Why seekst thou to possess me with these fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
Thy hand hath murdered him : I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub.—Had none, my lord! Why, did not you provoke me?

K. J.—It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.

Hub.—Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. J.—Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death,
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub.—My lord—

K. J.—Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a
pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words:
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,

And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more !
My nobles leave me ; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub.—Arm you against your other enemies ;
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slandered nature in my form ;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. J.—Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience !
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy features ; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not ; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste :
I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE PROFESSOR PUZZLED.

PROFESSOR. PUPIL.

SCENE.—*The PROFESSOR's Study. PROFESSOR seated by table examining some manuscripts.*

PUPIL—Good-evening, Professor.

[*Throws himself into a chair.*]

Prof.—Good-evening, sir. As this is the last lesson of your course, I wish to call your attention to the different topics that we have taken up in your previous lessons. I must say, Mr. S., that your success has not been as great as it might have been. You have been in too great a hurry. You wished to be drilled on the “Raven” and Shakspeare before you fully understood the tones of voice. Emphasis and slide, the great beauty of good reading, have been almost wholly overlooked by you, notwithstanding my repeated cautions. It is not my intention to criticize your performance this evening. I shall take up all the essential elements that constitute an orator, and I am confident that from the drill you have had, you ought to be able to give them correctly. I therefore consider this lesson a sort of an examination. You may place yourself where the audience can see you, and take first position, sitting. [*Pupil takes position.*]

Pupil—Shall I now give a personation of a band of minstrels opening an entertainment?

Prof.—You may, and then be done with burlesque.

Pupil—(*Picking up programme from floor*)—Colored folks, seein’ you’ve ’sembled yourself dis evening fer de purpose of entertainin’ de white population, de fus’ thing dat strikes my optical observation on dis evening’s programme am de overture, so throw yourself away.

[*Throws himself upon the PROFESSOR.*]

Prof.—Let us now leave the minstrels to finish their own performance, and go on with ours. Rise, take first position. Give the sentence, "Let me grasp thee," in the orotund.

Pupil—(*Takes position*)—"Let me grasp thee."

[*Catches hold of PROFESSOR.*]

Prof.—Back! I asked for the tone, not the action.

Pupil—But what power have words without action?

Prof.—Without action all oratory sinks into insignificance. Demosthenes gave action as the first, second and third requisites to a perfect orator. But you are now not performing the part of a speaker, you are simply giving the elements that constitute one. Take now the selection, "She loved me," etc.

Pupil.

"She loved me for the tales I told,
I loved her for the beer she sold."

Prof.—Is your memory so weak, or is the burlesque so deeply seated in you that you murder the most beautiful passages?

Pupil—You gave me to understand that it was tone you wanted, not action, so I concluded that if I gave you the tone correctly, even words were of minor importance.

Prof.—Different selections require different tones. Words have all to do with tone. As you are inclined to the comic, you may recite a stanza from the "Irish Picket."

Pupil.

"I'm standing in the mud, Biddy,
With not a spalpeen near;
And silence spachless as the grave
Is the only sound I hear;
This southern climate 's quare, Biddy,
A quare and beastly thing,
Wid winter absent all the year,
And summer in the spring."

Prof.—A little too much of the dramatic, but we will

pass on. You may now sit. (PUPIL *sits.*) Recite an extract from the "Hypochondriac."

Pupil—The "Hypochondriac?" I never saw him.

Prof.—We have had that selection during your course. You are to personate a man that is ever complaining, one who imagines he has all the "many ills to which the flesh is heir."

Pupil—I remember. Give me a towel to tie on my head.

Prof.—This will do as well.

[*Hands him red silk handkerchief. He ties it on.*]

Pupil—Good-morning, doctor; how do you do? I haint quite as well as I have been; but I think I am somewhat better than I was. I don't think that last medicin' you gin me did me much good. I had a terrible time with the earache last night; my wife got up and drapped a few draps of walnut sap into it, and that relieved it some; but I did n't get a wink of sleep till nearly daylight. For nearly a week, doctor, I've had the worst kind of a narvous headache; it has been so bad sometimes that I thought my head would bust open. Oh, dear! I sometimes think that I am the most afflicted human being that ever lived. (*Coughs.*) Oh, dear! but that aint all, doctor; I've got fifteen corns on my toes—and I'm afeard I'm going to have the yellow jaundice. (*Coughs.*)

Prof.—We will now drop the comic. You may next give the closing part of Catiline's speech.

Pupil—(*Rises*)—"I go; but not to leap the gulf alone."
[*Makes desperate leap on stage.*]

Prof.—Hold! Mr. S., you well know that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and why do you murder that sublime passage?

Pupil—I was merely following out the teachings of

Demosthenes—action is the essential element in true oratory.

Prof.—Proper action, but not monkey-shines. At the word leap you may make a gesture with your hand. How often have I told you that stamping, or feet gestures, were entirely out of place! Try it again.

Pupil.

"I go; but not to leap alone,
I go; but when I come, 't will be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. *Good-by now.*"

Prof.—"Good-by now;" are those words in the original?

Pupil.—Words of the same import are, and as the words "Fare thee well," imply the same as "good-by," I know of no reason why we may not use them.

Prof.—The rules of oratory, I admit, are many and variable. You are now reciting a classical production, and the words "good-by" cannot be considered classical. Begin again at that point.

Pupil.

"Fare you well!
You build my funeral pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, Contrabands, I will return."

Prof.—Contraband is a word not in use at that time. I tell you, Mr. S., I am becoming discouraged. You are too careless. Take for your last selection Hamlet's soliloquy.

Pupil.

"To marry, or not to marry? that is the question,
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The jeers and banter of outrageous females,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by proposing, end them. To court; to marry
To be a bach no more; and, by a marriage, end
The heart-ache, and the thousand and one ills
Bachelors are heir to; 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. But the dread of something after
Makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

[*Comical exit.*]

F. B. WILSON.

MARY STUART.

From SCHILLER. *Act III., Scene II.*

CHARACTERS.

MARY—*Queen of Scotland.*ROBERT—*Earl of Leicester.*ELIZABETH—*Queen of England.*TALBOT—*A friend of Mary.**Enter MARY and TALBOT.*

MARY—Talbot, Elizabeth will soon be here. I cannot see her. Preserve me from this hateful interview.

Talbot—Reflect a while. Recall thy courage. The moment is come upon which everything depends. Incline thyself; submit to the necessity of the moment. She is the stronger. Thou must bend before her.

Mary—Before her? I cannot!

Tal.—Thou must do so. Speak to her humbly; invoke the greatness of her generous heart; dwell not too much upon thy rights. But see first how she bears herself towards thee. I myself did witness her emotion on reading thy letter. The tears stood in her eyes. Her heart, 't is sure, is not a stranger to compassion; therefore place more confidence in her, and prepare thyself for her reception.

Mary—(*Taking his hand*)—Thou wert ever my faithful friend. Oh, that I had always remained beneath thy kind guardianship, Talbot! Their care of me has indeed been harsh. Who attends her?

Tal.—Leicester. You need not fear him; the earl doth not seek thy fall. Behold, the queen approaches.

[*Retires.*]

Enter ELIZABETH and LEICESTER.

Mary—(*Aside*)—O heavens! Protect me! her features say she has no heart!

Elizabeth—(*To LEICESTER*)—Who is this woman?
(*Feigning surprise.*) Robert, who has dared to—

Lei.—Be not angry, queen, and since heaven has hither directed thee, suffer pity to triumph in thy noble heart.

Tal.—(*Advancing*)—Deign, royal lady, to cast a look of compassion on the unhappy woman who prostrates herself at thy feet.

[*MARY, having attempted to approach ELIZABETH, stops short, overcome by repugnance, her gestures indicating internal struggle.*]

Eliz.—(*Haughtily*)—Sirs, which of you spoke of humility and submission? I see nothing but a proud lady, whom misfortune has not succeeded in subduing.

Mary—(*Aside*)—I will undergo even this last degree of ignominy. My soul discards its noble but, alas! impotent pride. I will seek to forget who I am, what I have suffered, and will humble myself before her who has caused my disgrace. (*Turns to ELIZABETH.*) Heaven, O sister, has declared itself on thy side, and has graced thy happy head with the crown of victory. (*Kneeling.*) I worship the Deity who hath rendered thee so powerful. Show thyself noble in thy triumph, and leave me not overwhelmed by shame! Open thy arms, extend in mercy to me thy royal hand, and raise me from my fearful fall.

Eliz.—(*Drawing back*)—Thy place, Stuart, is there, and I shall ever raise my hands in gratitude to heaven that it has not willed that I should kneel at thy feet, as thou now crouchest in the dust at mine.

Mary—(*With great emotion*)—Think of the vicissitudes of all things human! There is a Deity above who punisheth pride. Respect the Providence who now doth

prostrate me at thy feet. Do not show thyself insensible and pitiless as the rock, to which the drowning man, with failing breath and outstretched arms, doth cling. My life, my entire destiny, depend upon my words and the power of my tears. Inspire my heart, teach me to move, to touch thine own. Thou turnest such icy looks upon me, that my soul doth sink within me, my grief parches my lips, and a cold shudder renders my entreaties mute.

[*Rises.*]

Eliz.—(*Coldly*)—What wouldst thou say to me? thou didst seek converse with me. Forgetting that I am an outraged sovereign, I honor thee with my royal presence. 'Tis in obedience to a generous impulse that I incur the reproach of having sacrificed my dignity.

Mary—How can I express myself? how shall I so choose every word that it may penetrate, without irritating, thy heart? God of mercy! aid my lips, and banish from them whatever may offend my sister! I cannot relate to thee my woes without appearing to accuse thee, and this is not my wish. Towards me thou hast been neither merciful nor just. I am thine equal, and yet thou hast made me a prisoner, a suppliant, and a fugitive. I turned to thee for aid, and thou, trampling on the rights of nations and of hospitality, hast immured me in a living tomb! Thou hast abandoned me to the most shameful need, and finally exposed me to the ignominy of a trial! But, no more of the past; we are now face to face. Display the goodness of thy heart; tell me the crimes of which I am accused! Wherefore didst thou not grant me this friendly audience when I so eagerly desired it? Years of misery would have been spared me, and this painful interview would not have occurred in this abode of gloom and horror.

Eliz.—Accuse not fate, but thine own wayward soul

and the unreasonable ambition of thy house. There was no quarrel between us until thy most worthy ally inspired thee with the mad and rash desire to claim for thyself the royal titles and my throne! Not satisfied with this, he then urged thee to make war against me, to threaten my crown and my life. Amidst the peace which reigned in my dominions, he fraudulently excited my subjects to revolt. But heaven doth protect me, and the attempt was abandoned in despair. The blow was aimed at my head, but 't is on thine that it will fall.

Mary—I am in the hand of my God, but thou wilt not exceed thy power by committing a deed so atrocious?

Eliz.—What could prevent me? Thy kinsman has shown monarchs how to make peace with their enemies! Who would be surety for thee if, imprudently, I were to release thee? How can I rely on thy pledged faith? Nought but my power renders me secure. No! there can be no friendship with a race of vipers.

Mary—Are these thy dark suspicions? To thine eyes, then, I have ever seemed a stranger and an enemy. If thou hadst but recognized me as heiress to thy throne—as is my lawful right—love, friendship, would have made me thy friend—thy sister.

Eliz.—What affection hast thou that is not feigned? I declare thee heiress to my throne! Insidious treachery! In order, forsooth, to overturn the state, and—wily Armida that thou art—entrap within thy snares all the youthful spirits of my kingdom, so that during my own lifetime all eyes would turn towards thee—the new constellation!

Mary—Reign on in peace! I renounce all right to thy sceptre. The wings of my ambition have long drooped, and greatness has no longer charms for me. 'T is thou who hast it all; I am now only the shade of Mary

Stuart! My pristine ardor has been subdued by the ignominy of my chains. Thou hast nipped my existence in the bud. But pronounce those magnanimous words for which thou cam'st hither; for I will not believe that thou art come to enjoy the base delight of insulting thy victim! Pronounce the words so longed for, and say, "Mary, thou art free! Till now thou hast known only my power; now know my greatness." Woe to thee, shouldst thou not depart from me propitious, beneficent, like an invoked Deity. O sister! not for all England, not for all the lands the vast ocean embraces, would I present myself to thee with the inexorable aspect with which thou now regardest me.

Eliz.—At length thou confessest thyself vanquished! Hast thou emptied thy quiver of the artifices it contained? Hast thou no more assassins? Does there not remain to thee one single hero to undertake in thy defence the duties of knight-errant? Gone, Mary, gone forever are those days. Thou canst no longer seduce a follower of mine; other causes now inflame men's hearts. In vain didst thou seek a fourth husband among my English subjects; they knew too well that thou murderedst thy husbands, as thou dost thy lovers.

Mary—(*Shuddering*)—O heavens! sister! Grant me resignation.

Eliz.—(*To LEICESTER, with contempt*)—Earl, are these the boasted features, on which no mortal eye could gaze with safety? Is this the beauty to which no other woman's could be compared? In sooth, the reputation appears to have been easily won. To be thus celebrated as the reigning beauty of the universe seems merely to infer that she has been universal in the distribution of her favors.

Mary—Ah, 't is too much!

Eliz.—(*With a smile of satisfaction*)—Now thou showest thyself in thine own form. Till now thou hast worn a mask.

Mary—(*With dignified pride*)—They were mere human errors that overcame my youth. My grandeur dazzled me. I have nought to conceal, nor deny my faults; my pride has ever disdained the base artifices of vile intriguers. The worst I ever did is known, and I may boast myself far better than my reputation. But woe to thee, thou malignant hypocrite, if thou ever lettest fall the mantle beneath which thou concealest thy shameless amours! Thou, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, hast not inherited virtue! The causes that brought thy sinful mother to the block are known to all.

Tal.—(*Stepping between them*)—Is this, O Mary, thine endurance? Is this thy humility?

Mary—Endurance? I have endured all that a mortal heart can bear. Hence, abject humility! Insulted patience, get ye from my heart! And thou, my long pent-up indignation, break thy bonds, and burst forth from thy lair! Oh, Thou gavest to the angry serpent his deadly glance; arm my tongue with poisonous stings.

Tal.—(*To ELIZABETH*)—Forgive the angry transports which thou hast thyself provoked.

Lei.—(*Inducing ELIZABETH to withdraw*)—Hear not the ravings of a distracted woman. Leave this ill—

Mary—The throne of England is profaned by a base-born—the British nation is duped by a vile pretender! If right did prevail, thou wouldst be grovelling at my feet, for 'tis I who am thy sovereign. (*ELIZABETH retires. LEICESTER and TALBOT follow.*) She departs, burning with rage, and with bitterness of death at heart. Now happy I am! I have degraded her in Leicester's presence. At last! at last! After long years of insult and contumely, I have at least enjoyed a season of triumph and revenge.—Adapted by J. HOWARD GORE.

COOL REASON.

EXTRACT FROM "THE RIVALS."

CHARACTERS.

FAG.
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.ACRES.
SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

FAG—Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you—Shall I show him into the parlor?

Capt. Absolute—Ay—you may.

Acres—Well, I must be gone—

Capt. A.—Stay; who is it, *Fag*?

Fag—Your father, sir.

Capt. A.—You puppy, why did n't you show him up directly? [*Exit FAG.*]

Acres—You have business with Sir Anthony.—I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop, at my lodgings. I have sent also to my dear friend, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.—Adieu, Jack, we must meet at night, when you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia. [*Exit.*]

Capt. A.—That I will, with all my heart. Now for a parental lecture—I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here—I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well!—your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anthony—Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Capt. A.—Yes, sir; I am on duty.

Sir A.—Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering

that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A.—Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir A.—I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A.—Sir, you are very good.

Sir A.—And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world.—I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A.—Sir, your kindness overpowers me.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir A.—Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A.—My wife, sir!

Sir A.—Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Capt. A.—A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir A.—Ay, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

Capt. A.—Not a word of her, sir.

Sir A.—Odd so! I must n't forget her, though—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of, is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference?

Capt. A.—Sir! sir! you amaze me!

Sir A.—Why, what's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A.—I was, sir,—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir A.—Why—what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A.—Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir A.—What's that to you, sir?—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. A.—Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir A.—I am sure, sir, 't is more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. A.—You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir A.—Harkye, Jack!—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led—when I have my own way;—but do n't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. A.—Sir, I must repeat it—in this, I cannot obey you.

Sir A.—Now, hang me if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Capt. A.—Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir A.—Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog—if you do n't—

Capt. A.—What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness?

Sir A.—Zounds! Sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum—she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. A.—This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir A.—None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. A.—Indeed, sir. I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life.

Sir A.—'Tis false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Capt. A.—Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir A.—None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please—it won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A.—Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir A.—'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog—but it won't do.

Capt. A.—Nay, sir, upon my word—

Sir A.—So, you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like me?—What good can passion do?—Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate!—There, you sneer again!—do n't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—But mark!—I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, whv—confound you, I may in time forgive you—If not, zounds! do n't enter the same hemisphere with me! do n't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me, but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and hang you if ever I call you Jack again! [Exit.]

Capt. A.—Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hands.—SHERIDAN.

WASHINGTON.

TABLEAU I. [WASHING.]

THE STAGE is arranged as a kitchen.—There are two benches to the right and left, upon them two tubs, and behind the tubs two women, dressed as Irish girls. One is rubbing a piece of cloth on the board, and the other wringing out a piece. In the background is another girl, carrying a basket of clothes out of the room. In the centre of the stage, between the benches, is a little girl, with a small tub and bench, washing, with a face of grave earnestness, a doll-baby's frock.

TABLEAU II. [TON.] .

The scene is a parlor, handsomely furnished.—Rising from a sofa is a lady, dressed in a rich *négligé*, receiving two callers, whose walking-dress should be in the height of the prevailing fashion. A footman is leaving the room.

TABLEAU III. [WASHINGTON.]

This tableau, if arranged with taste, is very beautiful and effective. In the background, the middle, stands a high sideboard, upon which is a bust of Washington. Over it is draped a flag, the stars and stripes. Upon two chairs, one on each side of the sideboard, which should be covered with drapery, are two little girls, dressed in white, with blue rosettes and crimson sashes, who hold above the head of Washington a laurel wreath. In the foreground, two soldiers, in the Continental uniform, present arms to the conqueror.

The uniforms and bust can, if not owned by the per-

formers, be hired at a very trifling expense. This tableau is very effective, if well grouped.

"Hail, Columbia," or "The Star-spangled Banner," played slowly, adds very much to the effect.

From "THE PARLOR STAGE."

A HARD SHAVE.

ONE GENTLEMAN.

THIS tableau is represented by one gentleman, who is seated on a stool in the centre of the stage, at a small table. On the table is a small mirror leaning against a broken pitcher, and shaving materials. He is seated with his left side towards the audience, and looking towards the right at the glass. He should be in his shirt-sleeves, his chin covered with lather, his right hand with the razor just shaving the soap off, while his face wears an expression of great pain. He should have his right shirt-sleeve turned up, his left hand resting on his knee.

The effect depends upon the comic expression produced by the actor, and may be made very laughable. Music lively.—From "HOME RECREATIONS."

THE END.

TEACHERS everywhere complain of the difficulty in creating an interest in the subject of reading. Pupils soon search out all in the regular text-books that is adapted to their tastes or their years, and dislike a repetition as much as they do the reading of that which they cannot comprehend, or in which they feel no interest. The Elocutionist's Annual will be found a most valuable adjunct, supplying at once the freshest and most enjoyable readings, containing selections adapted to every variety of taste, affording the most abundant opportunity for vocal drill, from the loudest and boldest declamation to the tenderest and most delicate shades of pathos and emotion, and including such a wide range of topics as to leave no ordinary occasion of life without a fitting representative.

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A COMPLETE LIST of the contents of the ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL, Alphabetically Arranged.

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